The Living Age

Vol. 302
From Beginning

Vol. 15
Eighth Series

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Published Every Saturday by
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY
$6.00 a Year — 41 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston — 15c a copy

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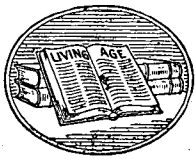

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THE LIVING AGE
Founded by E. LITTELL in 1844
NO. 2923

SEPTEMBER 13, 1919

A PROPOSAL FOR A NEW POLITICAL PARTY

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

I THANK you very much for the compliment which you have paid me, and the honor you have done me in asking me to come here this evening and join in one of these interesting dinners which I understand you hold at irregular intervals, and at which you discuss with the freedom of private intercourse the political issues and situations of the day. When I received your invitation, and as the time got nearer to the day when I should have the opportunity and duty of meeting you here, I naturally possessed myself of the details of your constitution. I have here the resolutions which, I understand, govern your political activities, and on reading them through, in order to ascertain entirely what you wish to stand for, I was very much struck by the close adherence which you have paid to the maxims of Napoleon. 'A constitution,' said Napoleon, 'must be short and obscure,' and it seems to me that you have followed very closely this maxim of the great master of the military art.

But if a constitution may be cryptic, the spirit which animates a group of men, or a body — a great body of human beings — may be perfectly clear. The great thing is to have the union of consenting minds, to have the union of people who are aiming at the same objective and feel that however they may be divided by political origin or antecedents, however they may be divided by what they happened to say in the past or anything else like that, they still feel that the greatness and the glory of Great Britain and the happiness of her people have always been, and are still, the objective on which they are marching. Party spirit, party interests, party organization must necessarily play a great part in British political life. Do not let us underrate that. I understand that your idea is not to break with existing political parties, but to prevent existing political parties from breaking with each other.

I understand that you do not challenge the importance of party in British political life, and that you even vindicate it, but that you hold, in addition, that party spirit, party interests, party organization must in these very serious times be definitely subordinated to national spirit, national interests, and national organization. If these are your main views I am whole-heartedly in sympathy with them.

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I cannot think of anything more wrong and more foolish than that those who have come together in the great war, and who, working and fighting together in comradeship, grudging nothing, keeping nothing back, have won the great victory, should at some date in the near future divide themselves again into two factions, hating each other, despising each other, abusing each other, without any real moral or mental cleavage, and go off into their opposite camps and unfurl their party standards, and by artificial faction, by sham antagonisms, by personal or group rivalries and ambitions, by fomented passions, set to work to fill the world with words, to blacken each other's character, to traduce each other's motives, to hamper each other's policies, and so to darken the counsels of the nation and paralyze the action of the state. I cannot conceive any course of action less proportioned to the times, the great times, the great and formidable times in which we live. That, indeed, would be a crazy game to play. It would be a dreary game to play, and it would be, if I may say so, a squalid game to play. And what a time to play such a game in.

Now that our country has arrived at the supreme pinnacle of splendor and of power, when the fame of this little island is resounding through every nation and every village in the world, when the British way of doing things, the British political and social conceptions are accepted in the most remote districts, the most obscure places, as being on the whole the best solution of the problem of practical government; when all over the world men admire the achievements of our arms and the permanence of our institutions, at such a time as this to indulge in faction for the sake of faction would, indeed, be a criminal enterprise. We should be unworthy of the land which bore us, and of the men who have in this Great War, and in other great wars which we have forgotten now, carried our country forward, if we were to lend ourselves to such counsels. We occupy an extraordinary position. Indeed, foreign lands overrate us; they do not see the many weaknesses and anomalies from which we suffer. The name of our country never stood higher, nor, perhaps, did the name of any country ever stand so high, and it is not only our splendid position, but it is our dangerous position, which should make us consider. We are at this moment exposed, not only to the duty of bearing enormous responsibilities, but to very grave difficulties and to dangers which, if neglected, might easily rob us of all that we have so painfully and so brilliantly achieved. And when we feel ourselves, as everyone of us does, called upon to make new efforts, despite all the exertions of this great struggle, when we feel ourselves called upon to lash ourselves up to new efforts to hold the position which has been gained, to meet the problems which are hurrying upon us in uninterrupted succession, this is not the time when we should go off into opposite camps, to disperse in opposite directions for the mere purpose of having a party fight. It is a time of all others when men should not think of reverting to the ordinary party basis.

What folly, what crime! And those who urge that we should do so should be asked a question. What is your object, what is your reason? Why are we to plunge into faction and set our batteries firing at each other with poison gas shells? Is it because there is some deep division of principle in the ranks of those who now support the Coalition Government? Is it because there is some class interest at stake? Is it because party politics are more exciting than national politics, because a

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dog fight draws a crowd, because those who have no other wares to sell than party cries find their market closed or occupied by graver men? Well, I am going to examine, if you will permit me, all these things.

Where is division of principle? Events have been moving in the direction of united action between the two historic political parties for a very long time. The democratic forces in the Conservative party, and the patriotic forces in the Liberal party and in the Labor party, have made repeated instinctive efforts to come together for common purposes during the last thirty or forty years. I have in my possession (I was looking over some old letters the other day) a letter of the late Mr. W. H. Smith to my father, written during the interval between the election of 1885–1886, proposing to change the name of the Conservative party. Now, Mr. W. H. Smith was the most staid, unimpeachable, blameless Tory who ever lived, and what do you think he proposed as the new name for the Conservative party? He proposed to call it the 'Liberal party.' Then, in the later 'eighties, came the attempt to form a National party by Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill. That was a movement which did not come to fruition, but it excited hopes from a very large class of thinking men. Those were the days of Tory Democracy. Lord Randolph Churchill used to be asked, what is Tory Democracy? He replied on a well-known occasion, 'Tory Democracy is democracy which supports the Tory party; but I will add,' he said, 'that Tory Democracy implies a government animated by lofty and by liberal ideas.' Or we may go back further, to the days of Disraeli and of Lord Shaftesbury, when they mitigated the severities of a *laissez faire* policy, carried to its ruthless logical conclusion, by the Factory Acts and Trade Union Acts, which regained for the Tory party a share in the appreciation of the toiling people of the country. There is nothing new in this, but never before have these ideas taken a more concrete, definite, and real form than now, never before have they been expressed by a powerful government and an immense Parliamentary majority, armed with a victory such as the world has never seen, and armed with the prestige necessary for the guidance of the people. There is nothing new in these ideas, and coming to much more recent and necessarily more delicate times, I come to the year 1910.

My object in discussing these matters is to show the kind of movement which you are stimulating and supporting in your group is a movement which has repeatedly occurred in the last forty years to the leading men of both political parties. Well, in 1910 it failed, and we went into the second election of that year, and from that we slid headlong into the most bitter, dangerous political period which has ever happened in this country in modern times. Each British party, girded and goaded on by its press and its caucus, each spurred on by its own Irish party, animated by hatreds which, thank God, in this country we do not equal, was driven forward with unmeasured violence, until at last we came to the very verge of civil war. And from that horrible situation we were rescued by Armageddon. With all the tragedy of the war we must never forget that it shook us out of our old machine-made quarrelings, and showed us how small these were compared to all we had in common. The Great War, with all its horrors, at any rate rescued us from the disasters of that epoch. We must not get back to it again.

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I take it that your intention is to be a kind of bond of union which will prevent this rancor and extravagance of party politics from breaking out in these critical times through which we are passing, when you will form a powerful body of opinion and of fighting opinion which will make it not good business for people to indulge in violent partisan extravagances, either on the side of Bolshevism or on the side of reaction, but rather which will tend to cement and gather together the great forces in this country which have a right to share in the enjoyment of the triumphs of the victory.

Such an organization, such a movement, may render the very greatest service to the country at the present time. It may become a bulwark against a renewal of barbarous and unnecessary controversy; but it must be united, formed upon sincere conviction and with a strong realization of definite objectives toward which we are advancing within a reasonable period of time. Now, I say, where is the deep division of principle between us? I hope you won't think the worse of me if I say that what is needed now is not so much principle as the application of principle. Volumes have been written about political principle, and it is a very old world. It is full of principles, but the application of principle is at least as important as the selection of principle.

Look at the Bolsheviki. They have proclaimed the most wonderful utopian ideals, but they have coupled them with the most cruel and the most wicked behavior that has ever been seen among men, and with action which would disgrace the Stone Age or the Hottentots of Central Africa. We must recognize that good citizenship must be the foundation of a good, well-organized state. With good men in decent homes, working hard, doing their duty, being anxious to give something to their country or town or village, or their fellow men, it is on a basis of citizenship of that kind and of that order rather than in the mere formulation of fantastic idealism that the safety, the health, and the glory of nations reside, and so I say it is more in the application of principle than in the propounding of principle that our task consists.

I do not believe that there is any golden key of any new invention of political ideas which can be suddenly discovered to solve all our difficulties. The period in which we live requires the wise application of principles and their efficient execution rather than undue emphasis laid upon party doctrinal points.

Take, for instance, the question of nationalization *versus* private ownership, collectivism *versus* individualism. Some people are going about with the idea that that is going to be the great line of cleavage in British politics. I do not believe it for a moment. Every one of us is a collectivist for some things, an individualist for others. Everybody agrees that there must be some services organized nationally and that others should be left to private enterprise and ownership. It is impossible to make a cleavage of principle upon a point like that. If you ask me my own view, I consider monopolies are a proper subject for national control provided that a good case is shown in regard to methods and merits in each case. But to suppose that there should be two parties in the state, one which is called the nationalizing party and the other called the anti-nationalizing party, is to misunderstand the situation.

I remember also to have said some years ago, 'Socialism attacks capital, Liberalism attacks monopoly.' That is a useful distinction to bear in mind.

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Then there is a capitalist system. I am astonished to see how people are afraid to defend the capitalist system. The politicians are afraid, the newspapers are afraid, and they prefer to give the thing the go-by. As a matter of fact, the capitalist system is capable of sustained and searching defense. In fact, it is the only system that has ever been devised for regulating the economic relations between man and man, and for appraising the value of services which men render to each other or exact from each other — the only system apart from slavery. But if the capitalist system is to be successfully defended, it can only be defended by showing that there is a moral basis for property, and you will not establish a moral basis for property or obtain conviction from the masses of the people unless you are able at the same time to make just laws regulating and bringing up-to-date the condition under which property is acquired and enjoyed, and to correct by taxation the evils of unmerited acquisition or indolent enjoyment.

I was going to say a word or two about free trade and protection. I do not think there is any ground for cleavage there. I am a free trader, I believe in free trade, as I do in the multiplication table, but we cannot solve all the problems of mathematics by the multiplication table, and the problems of modern economics are equally varied.

A fundamental alteration has taken place in our international credit, introducing fluctuations and interferences which are far greater in their sway and scope than any interferences ever comprised in any tariff. I am not ready yet to make up my mind as to what is the proper treatment which this new phenomenon requires, but I am ready to say that it would be foolish to declare that you are not going to recognize the new facts, or that you are not even going to study them. I read Mr. Asquith's speeches like I read Sir Edward Carson's speeches, and it does seem to me that these eminent statesmen are back in the world which Germany broke up by entering Belgium in 1914. The Great War has changed and moulded all the people who will have any power in future in this country. Only those who have been changed and broadened by the Great War will be able to deal with the problems which come in the aftermath of war.

We are here to-night because we recognize the immense impression which the Great War has made upon our country and upon ourselves. There is only one other reason why we should not work together, and that is, we are told that politics are not exciting enough if they are pursued on a non-party basis. Well, we cannot afford this. We really cannot afford such indulgences. The times are too solemn, the margin is too small, our risks are too high, our hopes are too bright for us to involve ourselves in strife for mere sport. Those who mean the same thing have got to act together, and have got to take all the necessary steps to render their common action effective. Not only have we got a common inheritance and a common purpose, but we have a common danger. We cannot afford at this juncture to throw away the prestige of victory and to go off quarreling in opposite directions when we are face to face with the Bolshevist peril which follows upon the general disorganization of the war, and upon the perturbation of men's minds. We must be united.

We must act together in the years that are to come as we did in the sternest days of the war, and there I see the advantage of this body of Members of Parliament holding great constituencies by enormous majorities

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coming together and declaring the time is too grave for party fireworks.

We must advance together, hand in hand. We have not only got a common cause and a common danger, but we have also got leaders who by their action and the risks they have run for their opinions have proved themselves in full harmony with modern requirements.

I have told you about my friend Mr. Lloyd George, who really is the most necessary man this country has had for many years. There is no man that you can think of in your lifetime in this country who, if he were to withdraw or disappear, would leave a greater blank behind. He is seconded by Mr. Bonar Law, who has never had a thought for himself, and who has played a brilliant part as leader of the House of Commons, and who works in devoted comradeship with a political chief whom he has learned to trust and like.

And I think that with all these circumstances that I have mentioned, general and personal, in this long disquisition which I have ventured to make, we look forward to a future — you look forward to a future, and I look forward with you — to a future of bright and useful political work and of real action. We are not only the representatives of constituencies, we are the trustees for the whole people of this land. We have the most enormous responsibility and the most splendid opportunities because of our great power. It is a sacred trust to us to use that power and those opportunities in the interests of the people as a whole, not in the interests of any class in them, however much we may be associated with it, but to try to solve the problems of the British nation, to think for Great Britain, and to solve her problems as a whole, finding our way through all the puzzles of politics, keeping steadily that central point in view. We have many of us seen men and officers in the trenches throw away their lives as though they were nothing for the sake of taking some obscure village or holding some trench line, and we members of Parliament ought to be ready to work and labor and put forward any amount of fighting power that our abilities and our energies supply in order to safeguard and carry forward the splendid and dearly won glory of the country which we have the honor to serve.

The Daily Telegraph

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THE TRUE CASE AGAINST BOLSHEVISM

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

It would be a brilliant stroke of luck for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, if they could only be accused by foreigners of preaching anarchy, and leading a massacre of all experts and officials. It would be a happy day for Mr. Philip Snowden if he were represented to the world as a roaring drunkard, dragging our working classes into a debauch of beer and brandy. It would be a supreme triumph for the Nonconformists if the word went forth that they had lost all their money in gambling on the Derby; or for the Conscientious Objectors if they could be accused of butchering wounded Germans by thousands on the battlefield. For these lies would certainly wear thin in time; and intelligent people would slowly grow more certain about the faults the intellectuals had not got, than about the faults they really had. I do not say that the Bolsheviki have been so free as this from the fiercer (and finer) vices attributed to them by the capitalists. But I do say that the Bolsheviki will gain enormously by the fact that the capitalists can only fight a thing with sheer lying. And I do say that the Bolsheviki's real fault is much more like that of Mrs. Webb or Mr. Snowden than like that of Marat or St. Just. The real case against them is not in what is written against them, but in what is written for them. And I find all the material I want in the *Liberator*, a pro-Bolshevist magazine published in America; and eminently calculated to expose what it attempts to expound.

There is much in the publication to suggest that Bolshevism is not so much a new faith as a pretty stale skepticism. There is an article about modern novels from which I could quote many interesting things; especially about the career of 'a brilliant young bourgeois,' who is so fortunate as to meet 'a shrewd old anarchist in Paris.' He 'learns' from the shrewd one 'the ideal of a free and happy social order'; and it must have required no small exercise of his shrewdness to conceive and communicate so unexpected a secret. There is also a long article on 'Religion under the Bolsheviki'; a strange flame that will burn under the sea. It contains really valuable information, and a vast amount of fun. There is a passage which appears to imply that fasts are imposed in various churches in order that the clergymen may themselves devour the meats thus left over in the household. The general vision of a Neapolitan fisherman eating fish on Friday, and posting his leg of mutton to the Pope, may be commended to the sympathetic mind.

But the passage I like most is from a member of the supreme economic council, evidently one of the great Bolsheviki, Bukharin. 'One of the instruments for the obscuring of the consciousness of the people is the belief in God and the devil, in good and evil spirits, saints, etc., in short — *religion*. The masses of the people have become accustomed to believe in these things, and yet, if we approach these beliefs sensibly, and come to understand where religion comes from, and why it receives such warm support from the bourgeoise, we shall clearly understand

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that the function of religion at present is to act as a poison with which the minds of the people have been and continue to be corrupted.' So that is all right; and fairly clear in its essentials. If we are only sensible we shall know where religion comes from; and (what I myself especially value) we shall know why it is that the commercial plutocracy, under which we live is so much inflamed with religious enthusiasm. We shall know why Lord Devonport, or Lord Beaverbrook fight for the Creed with the frenzy of Crusaders; why Mr. Andrew Carnegie concentrated his mind on the theology of the Greek Fathers; and what is the cause of the fanatical penances of Mr. Selfridge. It will no longer puzzle us to meet processions of our wealthiest city merchants going barefooted on a pilgrimage; the common sight of a stock broker in a hair shirt will no longer cause even a momentary surprise; in short, we shall know the reason of that supernatural wave of conversion which has everywhere been coincident with capitalism; which makes all our millionaires mystics, and our modern capitalist society the most devout that the world has ever seen.

But the passage which principally concerns my point here is that which deals with the Bolshevist arrangements about art, literature, and especially the drama. It contains, as do all the other descriptions, a strange delusion about the permanence of things in their nature destructible, or even rightly destroyed. These men take their very titles from things that are not only changeable, but which they themselves are trying to change. What in the world is the meaning, for instance, of talking about 'Socialist proletarian art?' It is exactly as if a man were to boast of servile art. The only possible meaning of proletarian art would be art suited to a more or less degraded wage slave. But the phrase betrays the whole fallacy and futility; the fact that these men can only conceive a crisis, and cannot imagine a commonwealth. When the proletarians have forgotten that they ever were proletarians, there will be nothing for them to say or do. It may be remarked in passing, as not insignificant, that there never has been such a thing as proletarian art. But there really and most emphatically has been such a thing as peasant art. Exactly the same thing is true of religion, about which they talk the strange nonsense I have quoted above. Anybody who knows Europe, or any part of it, knows that religion is notoriously *not* a mark of the bourgeoise, but much more a mark of the peasantry. Indeed, the writer himself says that the peasants are religious, while the proletarians are irreligious; but, strange to say, he does not connect it with the obvious fact that the former are free men while the latter are wage slaves.

But I will return to the case of the arts, among which that of the drama is perhaps the most illuminating. It becomes immediately apparent that, so far from being careless about such things, the Bolshevist government is as careful of them as any censor of plays or puritan county council. The clumsy capitalist critics of Bolshevism charged it with forbidding such amusements. But it does something much worse; it orders them. It applies its pigmy regulations of a cockney culture to all the gigantic creative crafts of man. Here is a list, quoted by the American Bolshevist himself, of some of the regulations of the new Russian censorship. '1. Plays on the repertoire list must be artistic, and adapted to stage representation. 2. They should heighten and strengthen the revolutionary spirit of the masses. 3. They should be optimistic in spirit.' Then follows a per-

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fectly delightful aside by the American Bolshevist himself, who is thrown into an agony of alarm lest the word 'optimistic' should be supposed to mean anything at all cheerful or laughable, which any ordinary person could possibly enjoy. He assures 'the sympathetic American rebel,' earnestly and eagerly, that 'optimistic' in Russia means something entirely different; and that Gorky's *Night Asylum* (which is the repertoire) is really quite as dismal and depressing as culture can require. It is quite clear what all this means; and it certainly is not democracy or liberty, or even anarchy. It is simply Prussianism in its worst aspect; which was its priggishness. We can imagine the pallid censors under the red flag, rebuking the comedian with the red nose, because he was not 'artistic,' or stopping *Charley's Aunt* because it did not 'heighten and strengthen the revolutionary spirit of the masses'; as if a revolution could be (like Charley's Aunt herself) always running. We can imagine any historical play, which suggested that anything had ever been any better than it is now, being forbidden as not sufficiently 'optimistic'; a phrase apparently selected for the two very modern reasons, that it is a long word, and a practically meaningless one.

Meanwhile, as I say, there remains a simple fact which is an answer and a challenge to all this supercilious stuff. It is in the ancient artistic traditions of the peasant. These people talk in a patronizing way about educating the masses so that they may some day produce beauty; and are evidently quite unaware that the masses have already produced it. In the very lands that the prigs misgovern, among the very peasants that the prigs despise, a clear and colored craftsmanship has borne witness to a gayety not to be degraded into optimism. Peasant art is not a prospectus drawn up on paper, but a fact drawn out in wood and wool and clay and metals. It is to this Bolshevist educational scheme what a round of beef is to a bill of fare. And as with craftsmanship, so with all creative work in lyric or drama. Peasants have all sorts of songs, including revolutionary songs. But it is as absurd to have only revolutionary poetry as to have only war poetry. A revolution cannot last; indeed, if it is lasting, it is not successful. It is its very nature, that if it has not finished it has failed. And the finest part of popular art has been about that positive peace and order which our souls truly seek; and especially where they most truly seek it — in religion. For we can easily satisfy Bukharin's solemn request for a sensible view of where religion came from. If it is a fable, it is simply a popular fable. If it did not come from God, it came entirely from the people.

The New Witness

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LABOR AND THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION

BY ARTHUR HENDERSON

THE workers of the International are confronted by a world situation of unparalleled complexity and difficulty. There are ominous signs of a coming great social upheaval, and the duty of the International is to warn the governments of the magnitude of the crisis and of its menacing possibilities. The masses of the producers have been profoundly stirred by the thought of what they might achieve by revolutionary methods, and the political and economic conditions have conspired to tempt the workers to seek more effective and expeditious results from a policy of direct action. The foundations of social structure have been shaken by the terrible pressure of the last five years, and every nation is staggering under a colossal burden of debt. Behind the disorganization of trade and industry stands the spectre of unemployment, and over many countries hangs the shadow of famine. Before the winter ends a dreadful convulsion of anger and despair may seize the peoples. The capitalist governments, bankrupt of expedients, merely reiterate the cry of 'increased production,' but the workers ask: 'Production for what purposes? That the profiteers and the exploiters may continue to feed on the substance of working-class life and that industry may still yield profits to non-producers, or to enable the exhausted, impoverished peoples to re-establish and improve their standard of life and thus to elevate the general level of existence?' Industrial revival is possible only when society gives the producers by hand and brain the full fruits of their labor, and assures the social and economic emancipation of the people.

The International must pronounce on the outstanding questions which have arisen since the peace affecting the interests of democracies, the first of which is the imperative need for a speedy revision of the main treaties of peace. Therefore, we demand the immediate convocation of the League of Nations Council, because it possesses the power under the Covenant to consider the revision of the treaty, to deal with matters affecting the world peace, and also by a two thirds majority to admit any state to membership of the League. The latter question is a cardinal issue for the workers since there is no possibility of fruitful results from the working of the League until Germany, Russia, Hungary, and other states have been included. In our opinion the serious economic injustices in the treaties, the veiled annexations, the indemnities masked as reparations, the denials of the right of self-determination, the frustrations of legitimate colonial claims and also the vicious one-sided military arrangements, fail altogether to meet the demands of organized democracy for deliverance from the curse of militarism and the burden on national resources involved by armaments, standing armies, and conscription.

The International is intimately concerned with the Russian problem because serious differences of opinion exist within the labor movement regarding the theory and practice of Soviet

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Government, but there is no difference with respect to the reactionary tendencies of armed intervention in Russia's internal affairs. In the name of the International, socialism must demand a reversal of this policy. The real character of Kolchak's enterprise, supported with material and diplomatic help by the French and British Governments, can no longer be concealed. Supported by all the anti-democratic elements in Russia and the capitalist and land-owning interests, Kolchak has established a military dictatorship by methods as ruthless and as brutal as any charged against those who sought to set up a proletarian dictatorship. Kolchak's aims are not even so worthy. He now knows his methods have antagonized the socialist Russian groups consistently opposed to the Bolsheviki and that it is no longer possible for the Allied Governments to pretend that their intervention was dictated by respect for democratic principles. It is a denial of the elementary principles of democracy — and however much we are opposed to the methods employed to establish a proletarian dictatorship we believe in international socialism — and if intervention succeeded it would destroy all the fruits of the revolution. Therefore, we hold strongly to the view that the government should withdraw all support from these reactionary adventures. No troops, munitions, money, or diplomatic aid should be given. Russia needs all the material and moral help that can possibly be given, but so long as she remains an outlaw from the commonwealth of nations such help will not be forthcoming. Steps must be taken to ascertain how far the Russian Soviet Government is prepared to modify its present attitude and to abandon some of its methods, as the report of the American Mission indicated they were ready to do. Diplomatic relations with them will then be possible, and the International must renew its efforts to obtain facilities for duly accredited commissions to visit Russia and Hungary and report on the political and economic situation there. Our plain duty as Internationalists is to get in touch with all classes of Russian Socialists and the revolutionary governments, in order to endeavor to promote better relations and maintain labor solidarity.

The problem of world finance demands the attention of the workers, since governments have shirked their immediate responsibilities by borrowing at enormous rates of interest and a large part of the resulting debt, representing a burden upon industry, went in war profits to a comparatively few people. It is necessary, therefore, to institute some method of registrations of fortunes, pre-war and post-war, in order to locate precisely and to tax war profits. A capital levy, steeply graduated, must be imposed as the first step toward sound finance, involving neither violence nor repudiation. Questions of the socialization or democratic control of industry must receive the International's serious attention. The status of the workers must be raised, and full use made of the machinery of the Labor Charter of the League of Nations to improve international labor standards. Serious efforts must be made to bring about a greater measure of common action between the trade union, coöperative, and socialist Internationals. The working-class movement is one and indivisible, and without sacrificing autonomy this threefold organization will be a world alliance of citizens, consumers, and producers, able to dictate policies to governments and to build a new social order.

The Morning Post

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'THE COLD LAIRS': A MEMORY OF A DEAD CITY

BY MAJOR A. W. HOWLETT

THERE are many dead and dying cities in the world, and they lie scattered in the most unheard-of places, from Siam to Rhodesia, from Mexico to Peru, from India to the hidden solitudes of Central Asia. It should give us pause to think of their number and of our own littleness in the scale of time. It should teach us, though it has never taught any of them yet, how transitory are even the mightiest habitations of men, by how slender threads great empires are held up from ruin. None of the men and women who thronged the streets of these cities could ever have conceived that places so full of the thrust and vigor of life would one day be buried in the strangling jungle or lie, without a sound of wheel or human voice, silent under the desert sand. There are many of these cities in the East, and it is often a puzzle to know what led to their desertion. After the fashion of the East, the traveler will be told all manner of fanciful histories, for, even to-day, the Oriental accounts all material and reasonable explanations secondary to metaphysical abstractions. So, according to local legend, these cities have been left on account of curses, miraculous events, prophecies, portents, the sudden whimsies of royalty, or the hysterical visions of holy men, but never through the malefactions of the being which was probably really responsible for the evacuation of at least half of them — the anopheline mosquito and her legacy of malaria.

But the romance of Fatehpur-Sikri needs no embellishment. For one thing, the city can be seen to-day with a man's own eyes, standing just as it was left three centuries ago, with every stone unworn, every gateway uncrumbling, every cornice and architrave sharp cut as on the day it left the mason's hands. The wonderful Indian climate, severe indeed, but constant, has dealt kindly with it, and the soft red sandstone of which it is built shows no trace of weathering. And, for another thing, the story of its building is like one of those myths of the ancient world which we talk about as facts, because they are (or seem) so improbable that no one would be expected to regard them as the truth. It is bound up with one of the greatest of the world's rulers — Akbar. Since the days of Asoka, in the ante-dawn of history, India had known no such emperor, and she has known none of Asiatic blood since. Akbar himself was not, be it noted, an Indian. His line came from those cold and rigorous steppes of Central Asia which have given so many conquerors to the old world — which may, I venture to predict, if this self-satisfied western world is not careful, raise them up again.

These peoples have ever been wild and turbulent, their only law the law of blood, their only care their weapons and their fitness for war. It is the more singular that they should have produced a man like Babar, one of the greatest of soldier conquerors, who, from his hard beginnings in Turkestan, wrought an empire that embraced all Hindustan. It was written of him that 'of all his qualities, his generosity and humanity took the lead.' His son Humayun, whose tomb you see in Delhi, proved an incompetent visionary who lost the grasp of the great kingdom left to him. His easy nature, in a land where sternness and strength have ever been the most merciful attributes of rulers, soon found him a dispossessed monarch fleeing for his life. A hunted fugitive, he fled through the burning

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deserts of Sind, and it was there, by a tree on the roadside, according to native tradition, certainly in very lowly circumstances, that his young wife gave birth to the great Akbar. They had to leave Sind, and traveled on into Afghanistan, where the lad passed his early years. His soldier's career began when he was but thirteen years of age, when he had to fight for possession of the throne which his father had partially regained. At the great Battle of Panipat, where two hundred years later a new race of conquerors was to decide its destiny in India, he and his great general, Bairam Khan, secured themselves in the kingdom which had been his grandfather's. At the age of fourteen this lad of Tartar blood had become an emperor. He it was who built the splendid city of Fatehpur-Sikri, now a home for prowling leopards and a Mecca for tourists.

It was shortly after the glorious but terrible siege of the Rajputs in their rock fortress of Chitor that the foundations of the city were laid. There was living at a village called Sikri, twenty-three miles out of Agra, a Mahometan saint to whom the Emperor was in the habit of repairing, for he was a devout man, though great enough to be free from bigotry. The saint promised him a son who should live, the great desire of Akbar's life, for he had had two sons who had died. Undoubting the saint's promise, the Emperor built himself a palace on some high ground near the village, and this was the nucleus of the new city. It was called Fatehpur (City of Victory), in commemoration of the recent conquest of Gujarat. The saint's promise was fulfilled, for the Emperor's wife living at Sikri gave birth to a son who became the famous Emperor Jahangir. His faith being thus crowned, Akbar enlarged the city, and built a great wall round it. Such is the great city whose empty walls stare out over the swamps toward the distant hills of Bhurtpore.

Akbar seems to have been one of those fine spirits whose genius never stands still, whose horizon goes on broadening from year to year, even into old age. He built in his new city a great hall of learning — a sort of prototype of a university — to be used by all classes of men who reverenced knowledge. Every Friday he would repair thither and converse with the learned, disputing with and rewarding them. He was constantly beset by the fanatics of his own creed, who were furious that he did not recognize their paramountcy, and imagined that they were belittled because they were not supreme. He was proof against their subtleties, and refused to allow his reason to be warped. Within the great hall, where now the ink-black shadows fall through open doorways on to the untrodden pavements, took place one of the greatest trials of strength between warring creeds that history recalls. Akbar had sent for a Jesuit priest, Padre Rodolpho Aquaviva, a missionary of Goa, to visit Agra, for he had heard much about the religion of Christ, a religion which accorded well with his own charity and magnanimity. There were gathered Brahmins and Buddhists, Jains and Parsis, Christians and Mahometans, and each spoke in turn. The native historian pours ridicule on the venomousness of the attacks of these theologians on one another, and describes the verdict of the Emperor, calm and impartial, enjoining them to practise sincerity.

It must have been a hard blow to the disputants, who had probably never questioned that their fanaticism and bigotry were sincerity at its most sincere. Three centuries before the English did it, Akbar did his best to stop the abominable practice of suttee, and

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dealt severely with the priests who goaded on the miserable women to perform it.

In those days India knew a peace and order it had never known before. And it all centred in this empty city, where now the tourist rambles, prying into the very arcana of ancient Indian nobles, bringing his noisy motor car to the gateways which once knew nothing but the soft pad of the feet of great elephants hung and bedizened with scarlet and gold. The cobra withdraws furtively into the dark recesses where once the languid women spent the noonday heat, for he has made it one of his special haunts. And in the wild riot of flowering shrubs the peacock struts and spreads his tail. Many an evening I have sat on the old wall while the quiet Indian night fell and the stars came out over the Bhurtpore hills, and listened to the wail of the jackals running among the ruins and the eternal throb of a tom-tom in some distant village mercifully muted across the darkening swamps. In fancy I could hear the murmurous throng within the bare walls behind me, could hear the tinkle of anklets, the calling of the sentries, the twang of zithers, could hear the priest calling for the last prayers of the day from the tower of the great mosque. But it was all a dream, for the city was dead three hundred years ago.

The Manchester Guardian

CLIFFORD'S INN AND SAMUEL BUTLER

BY D. H.

It took less than twenty years to establish Higgs-worship in Erewhon. By the end of that time it had become the national religion. It is now seventeen years since Samuel Butler left Clifford's Inn in a chariot drawn by real horses, yet so far there is no trace of Butler-worship there.

From time to time sightseers stroll in from Fleet Street. They look, in a vague, apologetic way, at the temporary hut of the Army Spectacle Department, the tea rooms round the corner, the shed where the dustbins are kept. Not one of them has ever been seen to take any special interest in No. 15.

It would be remarkable if they did. There is no tablet on it to show that Samuel Butler lived there for the last forty and all the productive years of his life. The very porter has forgotten the fact. The houses of Bloomsbury are sown thick as a graveyard with the names of celebrities of whom one has never heard. After a week in the Lake district strong men have been known to cry like babies at the very name of Wordsworth. The pavement of Cheyne Walk is worn as the pavement of St. Peter's. But the home of Samuel Butler stands unnoticed.

The fact remains that for forty years Clifford's Inn was the home of the man who after Darwin himself did more than anyone else to loosen from our backs the burden which our fathers had borne and bound in their turn on us — of the man who taught us to pray, 'Lord, I do not believe one word of it; confirm and strengthen my disbelief'; who taught that disease is a crime, and crime a disease — that even the family is not a divine institution; whose merest platitudes are the epigrams of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. H. G. Wells.

Butler was identified with Clifford's Inn as only solitary creatures are identified with places. The home of the family man is where his wife and children are, of the sociable man in society. For the man who lives in his thoughts it is the place where his thoughts have come to him. To this

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place he clings. For Samuel Butler this was Clifford's Inn and its environs:

> Just by the *Record* office is one of the places where I am especially prone to get ideas. So also is the other end [of Fetter Lane], about the butcher's shop near Holborn. The reason in both cases is the same, namely, I have had time to settle down to reflection after leaving on the one hand my rooms in Clifford's Inn, and on the other Jones's rooms in Barnard's Inn, where I usually spend the evening. The subject which has occupied my mind during the day being approached anew after an interval and a shake, some fresh idea in connection with it often strikes me. But long before I knew Jones, Fetter Lane was always a street I was more in than perhaps any other in London. Leather Lane and the road through Lincoln's Inn to the Museum come next, then Fleet Street, the Strand, and Charing Cross.

He clung to these places. In 1864, at the age of twenty-nine, he settled in Clifford's Inn, attracted presumably by its odd beauty, its nearness to the British Museum, and its cheapness. This last consideration was important for many years. His private means were small. He had no profession. His books were, with the exception of *Erewhon*, published at his own expense, and at a total loss of £778 18*s*. 1½*d*. The two things which he would have greatly cared about if he had had more money would have been 'a few more country outings and a little more varied and better-cooked food.' His father's death in 1886 gave him all this and more—'everything in fact that a reasonable man can wish for.' But by this time he had taken root in the Inn, and he lived there until his death in 1902.

It would have been difficult for him to find a better home. Within half an hour he could walk to almost any place in London he was likely to want to go to. Through Lincoln's Inn and New Inn to the British Museum and the great squares of Bloomsbury. Down Fetter Lane or Chancery Lane to the Dutch garden in Staple Inn, and Jones's rooms in Barnard's Inn. Further on, across Holborn, down Gray's Inn Road to 184, Euston Road, 'where Gogin lives, opposite St. Pancras' Church.' Down court after court of the Temple to the river and the towers of Westminster. The place has a homeliness peculiar to the very centre of London. Its silence, deepened by the twittering of sparrows, breaks suddenly and kindly after the roar of the Strand and Fleet Street. The trees, the dark-red seventeenth-century brick, the cats asleep on the cobbles, are friendly and domestic after the cold angularity of the Law Courts and newspaper offices. The inhabitants are locked in at night by a white-bearded porter; the butcher, the grocer, the baker, the dairyman in Fetter Lane, are friendly and long-established as the shopkeepers round a village green.

Butler settled deep among these pleasant things. He liked to stand at his window overlooking the garden with its plane trees and fidgety sparrows. He even liked the bells of St. Dunstan's:

> My St. Dunstan's bells near Clifford's Inn play doleful hymn tunes which enter in at my window. I not only do not dislike them, but rather like them; they are so silly and the bells are out of tune.

He took an interest in the ubiquitous cats:

> People, when they want to get rid of their cats and do not like killing them, bring them to the garden of Clifford's Inn, drop them there and go away. In spite of all that is said about cats being able to find their way so wonderfully, they seldom do find it, and once in Clifford's Inn the cat generally remains there. The technical word among the laundresses in the Inn for this is 'loosing a cat.' 'Poor thing, poor thing,' said one old woman to me the other day, 'it's got no fur on its head at all, and no doubt that's why the people she lived with lost her.'

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His fancy played about the place in a kind of 'inspired silliness':

> Last night Jones was walking down with me from Staple Inn to Clifford's Inn about 10 o'clock, and we saw the Great Bear standing upright on the tip of his tail, which was coming out of a chimneypot. Jones said it wanted attending to. I said: 'Yes, but to attend to it properly, we ought to sit up with it all night, and if the Great Bear thinks that I am going to sit up by his bedside all night and give him a spoonful of barley water every ten minutes, he is very much mistaken.'

How many a time must the Inn have echoed to such and much better things, and the laughter born of them — forgotten now, or perhaps latent in that overdue biography. One day the Inn will be as famous as Bolt Court or Cheyne Walk, when Butler has entered into that immortality, so obviously his birthright, so long withheld, which he longed for, but never courted, 'Where breath breathes most in mouths of living men.'

The Athenæum

WHAT IS EVIDENCE?

EVERY now and then one meets a man anxiously in search of evidence. In nine cases out of ten he means by evidence something that will make evident the truth of what he believes already. Evidence is for most people an afterthought. We collect it not for ourselves, but to persuade our neighbors. Few of us are impartial investigators of the truth. We jump to conclusions arbitrarily, and we are egoistic enough to think that, because we have jumped to them, the conclusions must be right. When once we have arrived at them, we stick to them as to an annexed territory. We buy papers and books to strengthen our hold on them. We choose our friends largely among those who share them. We rejoice at every story we read, however ill-authenticated, which supports our view. We hurry away from or explain away every fact, however well-authenticated, that seems to show we were wrong. It would be absurd to suggest that the human mind is capable of resisting an overwhelming mass of evidence forever and ever. To believe this would be to despair of the destiny of mankind. It is clear enough, however, that evidence is for the most part merely ammunition in a battle between opposing interests or principles. It may decide the result of the battle, but the causes of the battle must be sought elsewhere. We choose our sides unreasonably, and afterwards find reasons for defending them. That is why the writing of history should be handed over to the humorists. The incongruity between the causes of human actions and the pretexts for these actions requires at least a Gibbon to do justice to it.

It cannot be maintained, however, that the human being, having chosen his side, is indifferent to moral considerations. He must have a moral pretext at almost any cost. He is unhappy till he has discovered enough evidence to prove that he is right. It may not be very good evidence, but the average sense of evidence is so slight that this does not matter. A rumor, a well-rounded anecdote, a few impressive statistics, something that an old woman says an old woman told her — almost anything will serve. Bad evidence is just as effective as good if you set it out in big print with an air of authority and without hesitation. If you are carrying on a campaign against the natives of Timbuctoo, a telegram from Melbourne to the effect that a New York correspondent has just learned from a well-informed quarter in the Fiji Islands that the people of Timbuctoo have set up a bacon-curing establishment in which

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children are slaughtered for human food will send a thrill of conviction round a sensation-loving world. To-day we learn what is happening in Russia from almost every part of the world except Russia. Geneva and New York, Stockholm and Helsingfors, Paris and Rome — anything that is said about Russia in any of these cities is apparently to be accepted as evidence, if it tells on one's own side. Now almost everyone has had experience during the war of the difficulty of collecting evidence even about one's own city or even about one's own street. There were men living within fifty yards of the area of a Zeppelin raid who would tell one of the falsest and most fantastic stories. We remember talking to a man in an East London suburb who pointed to a house not six doors from his own, that had been wrecked the previous night by a bomb, and who assured us not merely that a whole family had perished in it, but that the family had only migrated into it a few days earlier from Southend in order to escape Zeppelin raids. He was obviously speaking in good faith; but, as further inquiry showed, there was not a word of truth in his story. No one had been killed in the house, and no one in the house had come from Southend. The story was simply one of those emotional myths that fly from mouth to mouth during times of excitement. Similarly, Liverpool Street Station was wrecked by public rumor long before a bomb had touched it. One would meet a man within a mile of it who would relate a circumstantial story of how nothing was left of it but a mass of ruins. Most men relate not what they have seen, but what they have heard. And yet if a man of this sort had crossed to America and been interviewed by an American paper, the ordinary reader would have regarded his story almost as that of an eye-witness. How many of the stories that created the greatest sensation during the war rested on the evidence of eye-witnesses — eye-witnesses, we mean, whose good faith and accuracy as observers had been subjected to proof? Did the story of the German corpse factory? Did even the story of the crucified Canadian soldier? We should say that three fourths of the most startling sensations of the war have been either disproved or at least had doubt cast on them by the event. It is almost impossible to invent any story so wild that it cannot be believed by intelligent men. In the Middle Ages it was believed that in one part of England the people had tails like monkeys. We laugh at people who accepted the travelers' tales of those days, and look back on them as incurably superstitious. But do we ourselves show no signs of greed for a good story? What critical apparatus do we bring to bear on the mass of current myths that happen to support our prejudices? We have passed beyond the Middle Ages in the exact sciences; but most of our beliefs in politics, morals, and religion have nothing to do with the exact sciences. Here we are still at the mercy of fancy and prepossession. That is why we do not ask our newspapers to give us sifted evidence. We are content if they supply us with stories in tune with our prejudices.

The *Times* recently contained a description of life in Petrograd which was an excellent example of evidence that is no evidence. It was sent by 'our special correspondent' at Helsingfors, and was frankly not the narrative of an eye-witness, but the account at second hand of a Russian who had escaped from Petrograd, and who, therefore, would impress many people as having an eye-witness's authority. The correspondent began

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with an appeal not to our reason, but to our sympathy. 'I have seen a man,' he declared, 'who is not a man, but an image of decrepitude.' Few men can resist the appeal of so sad a figure — at least, if he is going to support one in argument. Most of us, even if we are impartial, feel that it would be behaving too like a heartless lawyer if we began to cross-examine him instead of listening assentingly to his story. And yet what is this story? Does it contain a single incident seen by the witness's own eye? Does it contain a single fact or figure for which any authority is offered? A thing is not necessarily false because it is hearsay; and we fear that the general picture given of the misery of life in Petrograd is true enough. But, if a man offers us details, he must not only convince us of his personal veracity and intelligence, but must give us the sources of his information in so far as his story is not a narrative of what he saw with his own eyes.

The aim of a newspaper should be to collect the news, and the news must no doubt contain the opinions and hearsays of men as well as the story of things seen and proved. To report hearsays and opinions, however, as though they were indubitable facts, is to mistake the nature of evidence. It is to become an irresponsible propagandist instead of a reputable historian of contemporary events.

It is not that one wants an inhuman colorlessness in newspaper narratives. We have no objection whatever to a story being colored by the writer's prejudices, so long as it contains a clear record of the facts. The basis of a report, however, should be tested fact, and not hearsay. If the journalist gives us the facts, he may add to them what gloss he will.

The New Statesman

THE CIVILIAN WAR-MIND

When a schoolboy on first reading Homer finds his heroes on the battlefield bragging before gods and men of their personal prowess and courage and the righteousness of their cause, and heaping abusive epithets upon the enemy, it seems to him 'bad form' and a bit ridiculous as well. As he grows more familiar and sympathetic with the *naïveté* of the primitive mind this feeling passes away, and a certain charm attaches to these simple utterances of natural emotion. It is only in the third move that we appreciate the essential humor of the situation. It consists in the unconscious and confident parade of our secret passions as authentic and disinterested standards of objective values. This is everywhere and always the staple of the human comedy. It has grown with civilization, and is bred of its bone. For civilization has been continually engaged in repressing this natural tendency of a strong personal bias to usurp the throne of judgment and to pose as objective truth. It is partly for the sake of peace and order that civilized society forbids us openly to dilate upon our own merits and the defects of those whom we dislike, and partly out of a growing regard for stricter and juster judgments than are thus provided.

This social censorship of naïve emotional confessions is, as Freud has well indicated, a condition of the play of the comic spirit in the fields of wit and humor. Chaff, satire, badinage, in particular, are ingenious modes of dodging the censor and winning outlets for our suppressed personal feelings about ourselves and other people. But the very ingenuity of such displays, by introducing an element of self-consciousness, impairs the simple self-deception which is the deeper

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nature of humor. For the sharp contradiction between what a man is thinking or doing and what he believes himself to be thinking or doing depends on the sincerity of the man's belief. That is why hypocrisy is not humorous save in a merely superficial way. For the conscious pretender fills us with disgust, and so destroys the sympathy upon which the sentiment of humor depends. If a Tartuffe or a Chadband amuses us, it is because the general presumption in favor of truth is so strong that their exaggerated professions of virtue for the moment half-deceive us into thinking them genuine, as children half-believe the most preposterous pretensions of their games. The real comedy lies in disillusionment, in the sudden confrontation of fancies with the facts of life. Perhaps the most poignant form of comedy is the sudden exhibition of the falsehood of our self-appreciation. For most of our disparagement of other people is not gratuitous malice. It is incidental to the process of trying to think and feel ourselves to be better than we really are. We run ourselves up by running others down.

Homeric heroes openly boosted themselves by blackening their enemies. Presumably they felt better and braver after doing so: the rite had 'survival value.' But a man who does this sort of thing in civilized society is a 'bounder,' an object of contempt and ridicule. Nevertheless the old primitive desire to do this very thing remains, and seeks ways of getting round the social censor. It usually finds a way for this self-boosting by collective action. He may talk 'heroically' about his school, his party, his country, and disparage other schools, parties and countries, though he knows and everybody knows that he did not choose his school, party, or country, and that if he had happened to belong to any other his valuations would have been reversed.

Patriotism gives the finest field for this play of the comic spirit. For there the self-boosting which provides itself with this collective wrapping presents itself as a lofty and disinterested duty. We ought to feel proud of our country and to feed this pride by talking 'big' about it and belittling other countries in comparison. We ought to read all history, past and present, in the light of this obligation, seeing our own country in the centre of the picture, valuing evidence and interpreting events in a favorable light. But, if we are patriots, we ought to feel, while we are doing this, that we are not falsifying facts. The essence of patriotism consists, indeed, in believing somehow, not pretending to believe, that the glorification of our country (with ourselves as the secret core) is consistent with a truthful and dispassionate assessment of evidence. The feeling 'My country true or false' would spoil the patriotism. It would also spoil the comedy, by introducing the factor of conscious dishonesty. The genuineness of the conviction that your country is absolutely right, your enemy absolutely wrong, and that your judgment in this matter is absolutely reliable, being founded on a full and fair consideration of all the evidence, is essential to the process.

Civilian life in such a war as that through which we have been passing has been a priceless and unique opportunity for these displays of the comic spirit. The fighting men are too immersed in the hard facts to play illusionizing tricks with them. It is the spectatorial mind and its curious caperings and attitudinizing that give us our material. Psychologists speak of the herd-mind set up by intensity of common fear or other emotions, and obliging everyone to feel together, think

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together, act together, for the common safety or the attainment of some other common vital purpose. The subjugation of the separate personality, with its emotional self-control, its more or less disinterested desire for truth, its habit of testing evidence and forming reasonable judgments, to the mastery of the herd-mind is particularly interesting and amusing where minds of high personal culture are involved. The average sensual man does so little real thinking, and his emotions stand at so primitive a level, that the inflamed irrationality of the war-mind there involves no great sacrifice of personality.

The comedy is enacted among men and women of refined natures and cultivated understandings. The abject and unconscious surrender of so many 'educated' persons to the ravages of the herd-mind in the years of war has been a disconcerting exhibition of the instability of the higher qualities of personality. Bottomless credulity, insane suspicion, blazing hatred, unashamed brutality, were exhibited by the gentlest natures. But the most distinctive and widespread trait was the naïve vain-glory which was characteristic of the primitive fighting man, accompanied by all his antics of self-praise and vituperation of the enemy, elaborated to fit the modern circumstances. In ordinary times an English gentleman who persisted in explaining to all his friends what an excellent fellow he was, how public-spirited and wholy disinterested his conduct, how high-minded his intentions, and what a blackhearted, treacherous villain his enemy was, how cruel, greedy and unscrupulous, and who ended by applauding his own sense of justice and his modesty would soon become a 'butt' to his club companions and acquaintances. The more he produced of his selected facts to support his self-appraisal and the more he insisted upon the impartiality of his presentment the more ridiculous he would make himself. Yet this is precisely what the herd-mind of war-patriotism stampeded us into doing. No sooner did it seize us than the howling dervishes of the press proclaimed 'the holy war,' and all our intellectual and spiritual leaders ranged themselves in bands to testify, each in its proper manner, to the truth and justice of her herd's cause and the utter falsehood of all opposing pleas. Truth, usually so hard to find in the tangled affairs of men, became at once transparent; moral responsibility, so difficult to gauge and to distribute, became for this occasion simplicity itself. Our clergy were genuinely shocked at the blasphemy of the enemy in claiming that 'the holy war' was theirs, while all the time the hypocrites knew that it was ours. Our philosophers were quick to trace the poison of materialism and absolutism lurking even in the text of Kant; our men of letters found even in Goethe the wicked 'will to power'; our scientists had long detected the essential barrenness of Germany for big creative ideas, finding her a nest of pilfering adapters; our historians with quick pen re-draw modern world-history in black and white. This war was so different from every other war. In others the issues were confused, the motives mixed; here everything was plain and certain to every honest mind. The herd-mind of the enemy stampeded their intellectual and moral leaders into identical postures. The 'easy virtue' of the most scrupulous scholars and scientists of every nation, conspiring to uphold the patriotic case presented to them by their several governments, is an interesting record in war psychology. 'Theirs not to reason why,' theirs to line up for intellectual and moral support behind the

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fighting forces of their country. A veritable triumph of Pragmatism, the instructive attestation of truth as beliefs which help to win the war! The eager industry with which the intellectuals of the contending herds fed them with this war-truth furnishes a valuable commentary on the subjectivity of knowledge.

This process has gone on so long that our intellectual digestion has become well adapted to the process. The Russian news of recent months affords a serviceable test. Although we are well aware that the Russian news served out to us is censored and selected, that contradiction of it, were it false, would be precluded, and that only sources favorable to the accepted policy are tapped, we find it quite easy to assimilate all the stories of revolting cruelty, appalling anarchy and impending collapse charged against the Bolshevist administration by its enemies. We no longer regard impartiality or opportunity of cross-examination as necessary safeguards in the search for political truth. In such material the 'will to believe' replaces all other canons.

In a war for truth and justice, justice suffers the same change as truth. Just as truth is what helps to win the war, so justice is the terms imposed by the conquerors. That being so, we recognize that this is a just peace. So M. Clemenceau, Mr. George, and even Mr. Wilson assert. The ordinary mind, I think, never having studied Plato, or heard of Thrasymachus, takes what it regards as a commonsense view of justice, consisting in the application of two tests. First, it assumes that the wickedness of 'the enemy' is so great that any sort or size of injuries inflicted on him, or his posterity, falls short of his 'deserts.' Secondly, it accepts a working definition of justice as doing to another as you think he would have done to you. In the application of these tests, they brush aside all scruples about the innocent suffering for the sins of their rulers. And this gives a very interesting instance of the 'herd-mind' that dominates them. To their thinking there are not any innocent Germans, because they have lost the power of individualizing. There is not a German, but only 'the Germans.' Therefore, when you press the blockade after the enemy has surrendered, you are not starving particular German children and old folk (though these die), but only bringing pressure upon Germany. So it seemed natural, and just, early in the war to beat and plunder shopkeepers with German names in reprisal for barbarous acts done by German soldiers or sailors. It was the sentiment of collective responsibility usurping the judgment throne, the herd sense of justice. Critical observers may complain that this attitude is inconsistent with the charge of military autocracy in Germany, to destroy which we went to war. Such an autocracy, they argue, is the negation of real collective responsibility. But there is a separate humor in the notion that you can pin down the herd-mind by the canon of contradiction. The herd-mind recognizes no such law. It is a swivel-mind, easily adjustable to any point of view that is convenient. It has its sophists who will reconcile collective responsibility with autocracy by telling you that servility involves consent. But it does not really need logical defenses, for it is prelogical, or, if you will, a-logical. In the herd-mind justice is synonymous with unmeasured retribution inflicted on the rival herd. It is not 'an eye for an eye.' There is no real question of measure or of forms.

And here we approach the core of humor in the comedy of Paris, the

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savage herd-mind arraying itself in the ceremonial robes appropriate to civilized justice, like a naked Polynesian parading in top-hat and spats. It began with the solemn appointment of a Commission of the leading Allied and Associated Powers to make an impartial inquiry into the question of responsibility for the war, and it ended in the Article of the Peace Treaty setting up 'a special tribunal' to try 'William II of Hohenzollern, formerly German Emperor, for a supreme offense against international morality and the sanctity of treaties.' Who is to try this charge against 'international morality'? An international court composed of presumably impartial neutrals? Not so. The court is to be composed entirely of the Kaiser's enemies, who are to be at once prosecutors, judges, and executioners. The law, the facts, the verdict, and the penalty are all to be found by the complainants, who have already openly and repeatedly committed themselves to the guilt of the defendant. Yet listen to the solemn asseveration of his own high-mindedness and equity by Mr. Justice Lynch: 'In its decision the tribunal will be guided by the highest motives of international policy, with a view to vindicating the solemn obligations of international undertakings and the validity of international morality.' And in a court so constituted Mr. Lloyd George dares to say 'They will get a fair trial, all of them, an absolutely fair trial.' He adds that 'We have got to show that we are a civilized people' and that this is a way of showing it. If this were sheer hypocrisy, disgust would banish humor. But the essential comedy lies in the innocence of those who utter and those who accept these brave assertions of our fitness to be judges in our own case.

The Nation

OUR DISAPPEARING YOUNG LADIES

BY D. WILLOUGHBY

YOUNG ladies are said to be a disappearing class. They were exquisite on a Watteau fan, and in the Pump Room at Bath must have been charming; but it is doubted whether there is any place for them in the world to-day. Jane Austen's schoolgirl whom Scott described as 'very good humored, very pretty, very silly, and very much disposed to be married,' was the young lady of her period in embryo, and, fortunately for herself, she never had to wrestle with such difficulties as earning a living or getting home on a tramcar, nor was she faced with the present scarcity of husbands. Some are already crying that she can be of interest only to the antiquarian. There have, it is true, been great changes, and more than a quarter of a century has passed since Mr. Miller of Oneida Creek wrote of *The Strike of a Sex*. It is a long, long trail a-winding from Fanny Burney to Miss Rebecca West, and even in the crowd things have not been at a standstill. The typical English girl of the present moment would be more than half inclined to resent being called a young lady, a name which, as Stevenson said, has 'such niminy associations.' Yet I should not like to tell her she was not one, and in my heart of hearts I question whether the alteration in her has been as great as either the optimists or the pessimists affirm.

Caught in a serious mood, Mr. Justice Darling has issued a jeremiad on the subject of young women. 'It can be seen in a walk along the street,' he says, 'that they differ by the width of heaven from what their mothers were.' That a walk along the street should be taken to afford evidence for so sweeping a statement may seem strange

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to those who do not possess the judicial mind, and before indorsing it with all its implications the ordinary observer would want to follow the accused to her home, her office, and the place where she dances. One would, in fact, have to compromise one's self seriously, and one must, therefore, be content with suggesting that outward appearances are not always safe indications of a person's character or status. When I see Mr. Justice Darling in ermine, I am, indeed, compelled to believe he is a judge; but the fact that my neighbor dresses in scarlet and uses a superfluity of cosmetics does not make me confound her with the apocalyptic woman or with Jezebel.

Whenever, indeed, a condemnation is to be made of the sex, it is usual to begin it with a scathing reference to the way in which its members clothe themselves. Critics are constantly affirming that the dress of our young ladies is immodest and betokens the immodesty of its wearer. Let it be granted that it reveals plainly the fact that they are bifurcated beings, whereas in days of train or crinoline it was far easier to imagine them as mermaids, creatures out of their proper element on our gross earth. The upper part of their costume tends to become as scanty as the lower, and displays at all hours of the day a profusion of beauties which more careful generations concealed until the lamps were lighted and dinner was served. Good Hannah More used to urge that, if women only knew their own interests, 'they would dress decorously . : . and assume modesty as an artifice; the coquette would adopt it as an allurement; the pure as her appropriate attraction.' Sydney Smith, having pondered these words, replied that, if such were the truth, nudity had become a virtue, and no decent woman could for the future be seen in clothes. In reality, it should be recognized that what women wear offers little or no indication of their disposition. Bare necks and gossamer-covered calves mean nothing in particular to those who display them.

Only when a fashion or a custom has originated in the male mind can one trace it to any deep design. The long-maintained ban on smoking by women is a case in point, and its open flouting by the modern young lady shows that here at least she has gained a victory for her sex. Dispassionately regarded, it will be seen that it was on a par with the Victorian ordinance which confined female passengers to the interior of the omnibus in all its stuffiness, while their lords enjoyed the air on the top. If with the aid of a little fantasy one can picture Mr. Justice Darling plodding his homeward way one evening from the Law Courts, one can imagine him not a little scandalized by the number of girls who smoke openly in the streets when dusk has fallen. Perhaps he would only notice their cigarettes as so many signs of the decay in public morals; but were he to speak with two or three of the crowd, he would discover that others were condemning the practice for other reasons. Smith could tell him that his difficulty in obtaining 'yellow perils' was largely due to feminine competition for those fragrant weeds. Jones, too, could tell a piteous tale of his fiancée's affection for yet more expensive brands, and add that her new liking for 'Abdul Hamids' had in no way lessened her pristine love of chocolates. One has heard of certain cunning savages who made eggs taboo for women in order that they might eat them all themselves; and civilized man is not in wit behind the savage, but in at least one or two small matters he has been outwitted by his sisters.

Another change alleged in the habits

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of the young lady is in her choice of literature. Alderman Evans, of Lambeth, who, for all I know to the contrary, may be an authority on the subject, declares that at the age of seven she begins to read the works of Mrs. Elinor Glyn. Such a state of affairs may make a moralist sigh for days when 'Chapone's instructive volume' lay open on every girl's toilet-table, but it has never been proved that the pages of that remarkable treatise were often turned. Sukey Saunter and Lydia Languish found more congenial matter in such romances as *The Mistakes of the Heart* and *The Innocent Adultery*, and Sir Anthony Absolute was not speaking at random when he compared the circulating library to an evergreen tree. Titles alter, but the young lady's taste in novels is little affected by years and seasons, though it must be allowed to her credit that she no longer attempts to conceal her gingerbread fiction in the cover of a book of sermons.

Sukey and Lydia were taught the virtue of concealment. Little Dorrit was told that 'nothing disagreeable should ever be looked at.' There was once a child who ran to her governess, and, in unquotable words, borrowed from the gardener's boy, informed her that she was suffering from the heat. 'My dear,' replied her mentor, 'animals sweat; men perspire; but young ladies only glow.' Thus, at an early age was it impressed on the small girl that she was a being whom Providence had set apart from the rest of creation. Though the sun seemed to shine with equal force on her and her brothers, the results upon them were not allowed to be the same. Mother Nature, coarse old woman as she might be, had suspended certain laws in favor of the daughters of the genteel, while for those which, unfortunately, still operated, an elegant patchwork cloak of hushes and euphemistic words had been invented. Advancing in her teens, the young lady may have found the suspensions fewer than she had been led to expect; but mother, aunts, and governess were constantly adding to the cloak's length. In the end it almost completely concealed her from herself.

'Fanny,' said Mrs. General, 'at present forms too many opinions. Perfect breeding forms none.' The time, one fears, has come when Fanny must form an opinion, even if breeding is thereby thrown to the winds. She must decide for herself about herself. The young lady of the past was generally content to live in a garden inclosed, taking no more than a few peeps through a chink; but she who is now with us has scaled the wall after throwing some preliminary stones over it. What she intends to do is uncertain, and her present position is anomalous. During the war she showed both desire and ability to be a useful member of society. If she wants employment, one does not wish to see her denied it; but it is scarcely fair for her at the same time to be keeping a man from his job and demanding everything but pin-money from her father. If she has decided to choose her own dresses, let her give some thought to her choice, and, if there is to be no censorship of her reading, one would beg her at once to develop her own critical faculties. Whether she determines to be a genuine wage-earner or not, to wear her skirts long or short or tight or full, to read natural history or romance, all will be well if there be some reason behind her decisions.

All the young lady's past, all the past, too, of her ancestresses, is against her. An acknowledged part of her education and theirs was 'to keep ideas from getting into the girl's head.' She

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has been starved of ideas for generations, and is now trying to make her way through the world with no more illumination than that of the cigarette she has lighted for herself. Like Amy Dorrit, she may say that she requires a little time, although a learned judge, in the role of Papa Dorrit, frowns and looks anything but pleased. It is too late to talk of building her back into the care of a Mrs. General or a Mrs. Malaprop, for already she has taken a step or two into 'the contagious countries.' Nor is it any good merely to scold her. She has been a chrysalis, and is now alternately blamed for having emerged as a butterfly or a worker-bee, with all the defects of either insect. Give her the time she requires. Perhaps she will curl up, and, in the full sense of the term, become a young lady again, even though she will have no duenna to aid her. Or, possibly, she may spread herself, and presently become a woman.

Everyman

IN A LONDON SUMMER

BY PAMELA HICKSON

I stood in a sun-baked London street,
Weary of dust and glare,
And thought of a rain and wind-swept road
That runs to Dromahair.

Oh, would that I might leave this town
And travel once again
Along that wet and shining road
And feel the Irish rain!

If I can close my eyes a space
And leave this dusty street,
I feel the rain upon my face —
Was ever rain so sweet!

Oh, would that I might walk again
Through heather to the knee
Where all around is purple bloom
As far as eye can see.

That road runs winding through my heart.
I hear the peewits cry —
Oh, I must travel to Dromahair
Once more before I die!

The King's Highway

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THE GARDEN OF MEMORY

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

The woman who had all that the world could give, yet had turned away from the world and loved simplicity, walked in her garden. It was the most wonderful garden in the world, a garden which embraced within itself many gardens, a rock-garden, a water-garden, a rose-garden, a herb-garden, a garden of rest in which the flowers were of subdued colors, purples and browns and what used to be called murrey color, the velvety deep hues of pansies and stocks and gilliflowers and wallflowers; not a touch of scarlet or gold or rose or blue. But the garden she loved best in these days was the Garden of Memory.

She had lost the most beautiful boy in the war. He had been a knight, from his delicate, dark head and strangely distinguished face to his slender, high-arched feet like her own. He had been olive-skinned, with only a very faint flush of sun in his cheeks, where hers were brilliant, so brilliant that one thought of a flower; he had had her hair, coming to a point in the middle of her forehead, her eyes, dark and bright, her beautiful slender brows with the upward whimsical curve where they ended which made one think of a Velasquez portrait. He and she harbored within them the spirit of their most beloved ancestor, who had given his all gayly in a lost cause. The boy had been called from the ancestor whom his descendants worshiped, one of those darlings of the gods who die young that they may live forever in the hearts of the people.

That such a one should die at his exquisite opening moment was poignant — to the merest listener to the tale. How much more to his mother, the other half of his soul.

For him she had planted the garden — a garden of pansies and forget-me-nots, of rosemary and rue and violets, of boy's love and love-in-a-mist and love-lies-bleeding, with the wild thyme, sweetest when it is trodden, keeping a garden bed all to itself.

Somewhere she had come upon a statue of a boy, stained with the green tears of rain, one arm broken, the other holding a conch-shell into which a jet of water splashed. The boy's eyes forever looked on the fountain, the graceful head bent. There was something immortally young and appealing in the statue, as though someone had caught flying youth and cast it in bronze. The statue was very pensive, as though the maker of it had known that the boy he snatched at should die young.

The old days of a monstrous regiment of gardeners at Moor were gone by; but the gardens were still kept as they had been, although by women under the direction of Macdonald, a dour, gruff-spoken Highlander, who loved Her Ladyship and the beautiful children and the place and all that belonged to it, with a passion of loyalty.

Macdonald had understood and had said nothing while Her Ladyship made the Garden of Memory. He had given her some help. She had turned away from any other assistance, as one might who was planting a grave. Mac-

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donald's old face twitched when he saw Her Ladyship working in the Garden of Memory where the statue of the boy dreamed through the spring and summer. Now the autumn was come, and soon Her Ladyship would be going South. There would only be to keep the garden tidy till she came back again — as though one drew a quilt over a dead face. He would have liked to do it himself, raking the beds and sweeping up the leaves, with the good smell of the autumn and the blue mists all around him; but he was growing old. Often now during the winter he was laid up with his rheumatism.

During the last few years — the calamitous years — a great many girl gardeners had come and gone at Moor. Macdonald had had experience of all sorts. Usually they were young: once or twice came gray-haired women, over whom Macdonald was sorrowful. They did not stand the hard winter as well as the young ones, but they were painfully anxious to please. He suspected that the young ones proved too much for them, as well as the climate. A toss of the head and a giggle had sent one gray-haired woman, who had seemed about to settle, flying into the world again. The young ones never stayed for long. The place was too lonely, miles from everywhere, and all the men at the war; the only excitement Her Ladyship's occasional visits to the Shieling. Her Ladyship was a famous beauty, and so kind, and with so lovely a voice and presence, that she did honestly flutter the simple hearts of some of the girls. But it is not given to such girls as came to work in the Moor gardens to live on a beautiful woman's voice and smile. They had all but driven Macdonald crazy, leaving when they had begun to make promising gardeners. Her Ladyship spoiled them, he grumbled.

Indeed, everything possible had been done for their comfort. The Shieling, on the side of a hill overlooking a little mountain glen, through which ran a trout stream, was a long low house, covered this autumn with the scarlet and purple of Virginia creeper. The glen was brilliant in autumn with the purple of heather, the scarlet berries of the rowan trees, the whole gamut of color of the changing foliage. Sometimes a wild deer came to drink at the stream where it flowed under a bridge and fell in a little waterfall.

The Shieling had been built under Her Ladyship's directions. She had got the idea of it in Switzerland. It was built entirely of wood. There was a central room in which magnificent fires of wood and peat roared and crackled these autumn days. This was a dining hall and general sitting room. From either side of the room, which was galleried, went off rows of bed and sitting rooms, simply and brightly furnished. She had intended it as a sort of refuge from the stately splendor of her own house. Sometimes in the depth of winter, or it might be in the midst of a London season, she would slip away and spend a quiet time with books and writing and perhaps the society of a friend, like-minded with herself, or one of her children, or it might be just the dogs, the sporting dogs that were left at Moor with Macdonald and Mrs. Erskine when the family went southward. Her Ladyship had always something on hand to retire upon: now it was a Book of Hours which she was illuminating, again a wonderful piece of embroidery, or it might be a book she was writing, or perhaps she would solace herself with music and reading and long walks over the hills, with the adoring dogs for her escort.

But that was before the Shieling was given over to the gardening girls, before the gardening girls were dreamed

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of. Still Her Ladyship kept her own little suite of rooms at the Shieling, but she did not use them. The gardening girls were there, housed delicately but simply, well-fed, well-warmed, well-cared for: all that was possible done for their pleasure: with Mrs. Erskine and a couple of maids to see to their comfort.

Yet they would not stay: the unrest which had come upon the world, or the absence of male society, or something else, turned their sweet paradise sour. It would have been a haven of peace to many a one, but after a time they all grew restless and packed up and went back to the world.

It made Macdonald, who loved the gardens almost as he loved Her Ladyship and had loved Mr. Rupert, pessimistic. It made him angry. What could the lassies want beyond Moor and the mistress of Moor? If things went on as they were doing, why, there might be no one to do the gardens at Moor one day — he supposed by that time the mob would be making their own of Moor, and all the beauties Her Ladyship had loved and added to during the more than score years that had passed since she married His Lordship.

'I wish you could find someone to take care of *this* garden, Macdonald,' said Her Ladyship one beautiful October day, when the birds were all flying South and she must soon be going after them. 'Someone who would understand — not just an ordinary girl.'

'That sort would be few, my Lady,' said Macdonald, leaning his chin on his gnarled hands, which clasped the handle of the broom he had been using to sweep up the leaves that came with every puff of wind.

'I heard you wanted a gardener,' said a voice, close by them, a low voice, soft as velvet. 'Miss Macpherson sent me from the office at Fochabers. I'm afraid I took a wrong turn for I found myself in the gardens when I was told to go to the gardener's house.'

Macdonald stared. Her Ladyship looked at the speaker with a stirring of interest, such as she had not often felt since Rupert died. Such a Moll o' Bedlam was looking at them over the hedge of sweet briar! A woman no longer young, fifty maybe, yet with some strange intangible air of youth about her: a face, tanned and reddened by the weather; lank wisps of hair, that had once been greenish-fair and were now streaked with gray, pinned up anyhow under a faded, shabby old tam-o'-shanter; a lean figure: a poor, mad, flyaway thing, with a little black cat clasped closely to her flat chest: the little creature, so positive and vital in his clinging movement of fear, the gold eyes turned back to look at them, the deep velvety black, somehow made the woman more dreary and indefinite. Yet — was she? With those eyes of a startling milky blueness, the small, even, white teeth? Time had forgotten these things when he robbed the woman of one beauty after another and left her looking fit only for the rubbish heap of humanity.

What had Miss Macpherson been about to send them this mad thing?

As though she answered the unspoken question the woman produced a letter from somewhere or other: she was wearing an old fisherman's jersey that had once been green and was now an indefinite dull drabness: her skirt was equally faded: her boots bagged as though they were used to take in the water.

'I'm going on now,' she said, 'we're accustomed to the road, I and the little cat. We've been sleeping anywhere we could, barns, haystacks, cow-sheds. We keep each other warm. Sometimes it was a cottage: my clothes were not so bad when we started, We've been nearly three weeks under the weather.'

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'You walked from Fochabers?' Her Ladyship asked, with a startled air.

'We walked. The little cat is frightened of trains and people. He is all I have. See how he looks at you backward as though he expected you to take him from me! The only trouble I have is that he will slip away and go hunting if I take my eye off him. There are terrible things in those quiet woods. I've often come on a rabbit crying in a trap and have had to kill it to put it out of misery. You 've nothing like that in your woods?'

'No, no,' Her Ladyship said, with a disgusted look. 'There are no such things here; I would not permit it.'

'That is a beautiful boy you have there,' said the woman, pointing with a lean forefinger to the statue of the boy holding the conch-shell. 'He reminds me of a boy I saw in a garden in France. I *would* go out to try to help — I was not so queer then as I am now, not such an old rag-bag. *Of course*, I was no good, not at my age, and they only laughed at me. The things I saw made me mad. Only one person was ever sorry for me. It was a boy, beautiful — like that,' — she pointed at the statue.

Then she looked at Her Ladyship in a bewildered way.

'Or like you,' she said. 'It was in a garden, where I had hidden because I was running away, running away day and night from something — I don't know what it was. I had seen such awful things. I lay like one dead in the garden at the foot of a statue of the Madonna and he found me there. He helped me — with food and money — he got me sent to the base in an ambulance wagon. He was like that — and — and — ' she looked from the statue to the lady again — 'and like you.'

Her Ladyship was reading Miss Macpherson's letter as though she had not heard.

'Your Ladyship will think me mad to send this poor Miss Pegram, but perhaps you 'd give her a trial in the gardens. The young girls are so tiresome nowadays. This poor Miss Pegram has a good knowledge of gardening. If she could be away from the others — where there would be no one to laugh at her — and might keep her little black cat she would give satisfaction, I am sure. She 's well born and a lady, plain to see. Your Ladyship would be sorry for such a one.'

Her Ladyship had not been listening to what Miss Pegram was saying. Her eyes and her thoughts had been on the letter. She folded it up with the reflection that Miss Macpherson would have hesitated to give such a letter to the keeping of the one it dealt with if she had not been sure that Miss Pegram was a lady.

She looked up to discover Miss Pegram in the act of giving a curious fly-away dip and to hear her saying:

'Now I'll be going. I'm very sorry we happened to stray into your garden. Only it has done us good, so perhaps you won't mind: it is such a lovely garden: and such a lovely statue. Good evening.'

Then Her Ladyship acted upon impulse as she often did.

'No, stay!' she said. 'I want someone to take charge of *this* garden. This is my own particular garden: I can hardly bear to go away and leave it, although the winter is coming and it must just go asleep.'

'Ah, pansies!' said the ragged woman, peering over the hedge. 'I love the pansy: it is the flower for a grave; hardly a day of the year, but there 's a blossom. Violets too. I planted pansies and violets once long ago on somebody's grave.'

Her Ladyship's eyes had darkened

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as though with some unfathomable pain at the mention of the grave: then they had lighted again. Miss Pegram had understood: she would keep the garden as it should be kept. Her Ladyship had an odd feeling as though she and this poor Jack-o-Lantern shared a secret.

'Did you say there was no one at the Shieling, Macdonald?' she said, turning to the gardener.

'None but Mrs. Erskine, m' Lady. The last fly-away went off by the four o'clock coach. There'll not be so much to do in the gardens from now on till spring. I'm thinkin' we might get a few bodies older-like. Your Ladyship'll ken the kind I mean: bodies of an age that they won't expec' too much o' life an' the world. I'm fair weary o' the young sort that'll aye gang their ain gait.'

'Come with me,' said Her Ladyship, and opened the wicket in the sweetbriar hedge for Miss Pegram to come through.

Miss Pegram began to flutter. She clasped the little cat so close that he uttered a mew of protest. Her milk-blue eyes roamed up and down the grassy road between the hedges as though she would take to flight.

'We'd better be going,' she said, in her soft, low voice; and Her Ladyship had some queer elusive impression of youth and slenderness, youth graceful as a fawn, swift as Atlanta, shy as the wood violet.

'You are going to stay?' she said, in her exquisite voice, softly pleading. 'You and the little cat will be safe with me. See, he likes me already: he knows I am to be trusted.' She put out a slender hand and caressed the cat, who lifted his back and purred.

Miss Pegram glanced at her, half fearfully.

'You almost persuade me to stay,' she said. 'When you look like that, you are like him: the boy who helped me in France — such a beautiful boy! His hair grew in a peak on his forehead like yours: he had the same eyebrows, fine and dark, the little curve upwards at the end, half-whimsey, half-disdain. I thought Sir Philip Sydney must have been just like him at that age. He did not look at me as though he saw just the rag-bag I am. I might have been beautiful and young for all I read in his eyes.'

'He would be like that,' said Her Ladyship simply, and her cheeks were two cressets of carmine, like flames blown high by the wind.

'His hair was dark like yours — as black as the little cat's, but silk and not velvet. He was a most beautiful boy. He looked at me as someone looked when I was young.'

'He would honor the woman in you,' Her Ladyship said, with dim eyes, 'as he would honor the Blessed Virgin and his mother. You will tell me more about the beautiful boy presently. Now let me show you your new quarters.'

'But I shall not stay,' said Miss Pegram. 'There would be girls there; if they are not there now they will be coming. They would look at me insolently, asking: who is this mad old female? I should mean to stay, but I could not bear their smiles and the way they toss their heads. I have run away from so many places. I do not blame the young creatures. They don't want an old fright like me bothering about. I should drown myself, only for the little cat. Why should anyone like me go on living when everyone who cared for her is dead long ago?'

Macdonald was standing by, wearing his air of a respectful stolidity.

'Come and see your new quarters,' said Her Ladyship, taking the stained and hardened hand in her own. It was small and finely formed, with long

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delicate fingers, but it had been spoiled by hardship and perhaps ill health. With a queer sharp ache of pity Her Ladyship noticed the purple stains on the back of the hand: she had seen them in old people and knew what they meant.

They left Macdonald sweeping up his leaves, like a figure of Old Time, and went in through the labyrinth of winding hedges to where the Shieling looked at them from across the little bridge, the stream running and shouting in spate.

'What a Paradise!' sighed poor Miss Pegram, as she gazed across at the comfortable, fancifully-built house with the thin blue smoke rising from its chimneys.

'You shall have your own little rooms — a little sitting and bed-room, all to yourself. There will be no more girls, I think. Moor is too lonely for them. I am going to try older women, women for whom indoor life and sedentary pursuits are too hard. But you shall be to yourself — you and the little cat. Your rooms are what the advertisements describe as a self-contained flat. You can do just as you like — sleep alone, eat alone — Mrs. Erskine will not mind. She is an excellent cook and most kind. You will look different in a week. Come and see your rooms. There is a piano and books. And — you will not mind — will you? I can fit you out. We are much of a height.' She glanced at Miss Pegram's slenderness, which was almost emaciation. 'My maid can make the things fit. She is such a kind Scots body — not young.'

'I should run away again,' said Miss Pegram, and coughed, a sharp cough that shook her for the moment. 'I have been wondering where I saw you before. I remember now. It was in Hampshire, near Andover. There was a lake with water-lilies in front of the house. I will tell you a secret. I hid behind a hedge of privet and syringa, all in bloom, to see you go by. You came down from the house with a deer-hound and walked along by the lake. All the lilies were out in bloom in your garden; and that night when everyone was fast asleep I walked barefoot through your lilies, taking care not to hurt them. The pollen and dew were all over my feet. It was like walking in Paradise. Then I thought I would slip into your lake, under the water-lilies where no one should find me. But before I could do it the little cat found me. He mewed about my feet, and I felt I wanted him and he wanted me. So I took him up and stole away through your park. The dew was running like a river.'

'Ah, I thought I recognized the Tiger strain,' said Her Ladyship and put out a hand to fondle the little cat. 'These black cats with gold eyes have been at Tibbalds for generations.'

'You won't want to take him back?' said Miss Pegram, in sudden alarm, her eyes dilating.

'Oh no, he seems very fond of you. He will be more at home with us because he is of the Tiger family, and he will find some of his relatives when he has time to look about him. Come! I want to see how pretty you will be when you have had a bath and we have found something slender enough for you to wear.'

'Why should you want me to stay?' asked Miss Pegram in stupefaction. 'I never thought to stay anywhere: but if there are no girls and I may see you sometimes — not to speak to, but at a distance — (Her Ladyship smiled) — and if I may keep to *that* garden — a Garden of Memory, is n't it? — and make it beautiful for your eyes when you come back to it, why, I will stay. The boy in the statue will keep me company, and the little cat, who does

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not mind rain in the least, will sit and watch me at work, and I shall feel that I am doing it for that other boy, and for, for — it is your garden, of course, — others who are dead.'

'My son would have wished you to stay,' said Her Ladyship, gently. 'I remember now he wrote about you. He was killed a week later. Did he not tell you you were to come to me for any help you needed?'

'Yes, he told me: he wrote a name and address on a sheet he tore out of his note-book. I never glanced at it. I would not have come if I had read it. I came here because Miss Macpherson sent me, and I remembered that the place where I had seen you walk by the lake belonged to someone of the same name. So you are his mother?'

'Yes: I am his mother. He meant you to come. He meant you to stay. Come now and be fed and clothed. You are going to be very happy at Moor — you and the little Tiger.'

The cat put out a long velvet paw and struck playfully at her as though he recognized the name. But Miss Pegram's eyes looked before her and behind her. She wanted to stay. The lady was so beautiful and so kind. And the beautiful boy — perhaps she might stay a little while, but not for long. The free roads and the stars of Heaven called to her. Not for long could she resist them.

PARIS AND LONDON: A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

THE Great War saw at its close two great pageants — one in Paris, the other in London.

We took it as a matter of course, and we did not notice, most of us I think, the peculiar position, character, contrast, and history of those two foci of Europe.

There was never anything like it until the rise of Christendom; but throughout the history of Christendom those two points have stood in their resemblance and in their difference for now much more than a thousand years.

London has been the great centre it is from the beginning of its recorded history. The very first time we find it mentioned it appears as a specially frequented port. That is, for nearly 1900 years. And Paris you may date if you like as a centre of importance from the reign of Julian the Apostate; but the two towns have been the capital centres of Western Europe, facing each other, at least since the Dark Ages: since the Capetian family, long before it attained to the monarchy of the French, held Paris against the pirates just after Alfred had saved England from the same peril up above Eddington on the calk downs that overlook Westbury.

We are so familiar with this presence in our civilization of *two* chief and yet really neighboring towns that we do not note the oddity of such a position. There has been nothing else like it in

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the history of the world. There have been twin towns — the one ecclesiastical, for instance, and the other civil — and there have been two distant poles of one civilization — Antioch and Alexandria, Rome and Byzantium. But what you have not had is duality of the metropolitan type in a comparatively narrow area, and the presence, between two rival nuclei of human energy, of such tremendous contrasts coupled with so numerous and often hidden similarities.

Paris and London are only a little more than 200 miles apart; and though the sea lies in between, it is at its narrowest passage not twenty miles broad. And yet, even when our European civilization was more united than it is to-day, the two towns were pivots upon which it turned.

Perhaps the chief contrast between the two great cities is the military one. Though there are many others, most of them are connected ultimately with the military aspect. In general one may say that London has never been an object of war and Paris has never ceased to be one.

I have, in a little book on warfare, and in scattered places up and down other historical work, puzzled myself and my readers with the question of *why* London has thus escaped war. I do not think I have found a very satisfactory answer, for the true answer is probably exceedingly complex. But the main cause was probably its very great size in comparison with the rest of the population.

London has never been besieged; and since the Dark Ages it has never even been seriously attacked. But when one says London escapes war one does not mean that London plays no military part. On the contrary, it is the weight of London thrown into the scale which has decided the fate of campaign after campaign in the domestic history of England. If you look at the matter closely you will find that it was usually London which gave to the Yorkist or Lancastrian section its ephemeral supremacy; and it was balking at London, as a horse may balk at a hedge, that ruined Charles I. He had the better army and much the better generalship at the moment, and, of almost equal importance in a civil war, he undoubtedly had the mass of the country behind him in that early phase of the struggle; but he had London, or, at any rate, the wealth of London, against him; and as he was approaching it from the west he checked his advance, camped on the road outside, parleyed, and from that moment was lost.

London was not attacked by the great Duke of Normandy. It was not attacked by Julius Cæsar, though undoubtedly in Julius Cæsar's time it was already a great city. Both those Latin commanders worked round by the west, and it is curious to note in the case, too, of William of Falaise, how he marched right round the city before he entered it to be crowned. He goes from his southern victory right round up by Wallingford, if I remember right, then goes across to Berkhamstead, where he receives the submission of Harold's faction. Even then he does not turn down straight on to London, but works out still farther to the East into Essex. I have often amused myself by imagining that this great sweep was deliberate, and that he left small garrisons and fortified posts cutting the roads in all the circle before he could feel secure of his capital.

Paris, on the contrary, has had the shock of war continuously for 1500 years, and it is a sort of military stage on which the armed past of French history is fought out. At the very beginning of the affair you have Julius

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Cæsar riding into Paris to summon the Chiefs of the Tribes. When the Frankish Auxiliaries began their little civil war against other units of the Roman army in the north it was upon Paris they marched down the Valley of the Oise. It was probably in an attempt to reach Paris that the faction of the reigning House — the nobles who still adhered to it — were destroyed by that other faction which ultimately put into power the House of the Ferreoli: those great nobles, first established near Narbonne, later with possessions in Flanders and Lorraine, whose greatest representative is Charlemagne.

It was upon Paris that Otho II marched; though he did not take it, but contented himself with singing a Te Deum on Montmartre, and then turned back. A singularly empty thing to do!

And Paris has been the centre of civil war after civil war as well, and we have just seen Paris the military objective of the last and greatest of these campaigns.

Socially there is the obvious contrast that London was commercial and Paris governmental. Paris was the creator of the French monarchy, and the French monarchy had Paris for its stronghold. The French king lived in the heart of the town and exercised his justice on the same site as had the Roman governors in the same central island where justice is administered to-day — partly under the same roof. And from Paris it was always that the kings were buried at its gate. First the palace upon the island, then the Louvre on the north bank were the heart of the city. It was not so with London. Not in Roman times, not in the Dark Ages, and not fully under the mediæval monarchy, not entirely under the Tudors or Stuarts, and since then not at all until modern times.

During all these centuries the position of London was a sort of half independence, a commercial form of government, an organization under its great merchants, 'the barons of London' as they called themselves proudly enough in the business of Magna Charta.

London has always possessed, or at any rate until quite modern times, this great and powerful commercial oligarchy, and you find this body and its dependents over and over again deciding the fate of England. It is London more than East Anglia that changed the fate of England in the seventeenth century and destroyed the monarchy. It was London which finally decided the Reformation, and it was in large measure the City of London which was the basis of the resistance of Napoleon. I think it may be truly said that Pitt never did an unwise thing when he was acting as the spokesman for the city, and hardly ever did a wise one when he was acting without or against the advice of that body.

But when one says 'modern times' it calls to mind the very new historical development which people have not yet grasped. London almost in our own generation has become more of a political centre than Paris ever was. Everything is now there concentrated, and from it goes out a more centralized form of government than perhaps any European society has known in the past. Men always think of political things in terms not of the actual moment in which they live, but of some tradition inherited from a past time; perhaps a time but very shortly past, but still a time no longer their own; and it is so with our judgment of the position of London. You will still find people speaking as though our government were not centralized and contrasting its scheme especially with continental centralization. But if you

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forget this legend and consider only the facts you will find that this is now an illusion.

The decisions which affect the mass of Englishmen in their daily lives, the education of their children, for instance, their very habits of eating and drinking (controlled as these now are by political authority), and a hundred other things, are decided in point of fact in rooms very few of which are more than half a mile from Big Ben.

This is true of unofficial centralization as well as of official.

For instance, consider what the press does in modern England by way of ruling men, that is by way of persuasion, which is the great instrument of rule. There is no comparison between the radius of action of the London press and that of the Paris press, or indeed between the radius of action of the London press, compared with the area of England, and that of any other press of any other city in a corresponding area in any other country. And the same is true of the road system and of the railway system. They centre more upon London than upon any other capital that I can call to mind.

The geographical conditions of the two cities would partly account for this contrast.

London is commercial in its geography, because it stands at the first bridge across the main estuary which enjoyed a strong tide following on to the channel tide round Kent. It drew to itself the commerce of the West also because it felicitously stood at the border between the Teutonic and the Latin systems of the Continent. There is, of course, much more in the development of a city than the material causes, but they are worth noting.

The corresponding city in France to London was Rouen, but Rouen never became the centre. It was Paris, high up, where the river was narrow, that, as the convergence of the inland waterways, the Oise and the Marne, with the Seine, and further drawing traffic from the valley of the Yonne, became the inland capital of the state. There was also something here symbolic, for London has always been half a sea town, not only because it was a port, but because the salt water reached it; the habit of the sea was to be found in its streets. To this day you can wander about in the region of the Tower and between that hill and Liverpool Street and find just those little sailor shops which you find in the small seaport towns in the island, although the Pool is no longer the heart of the commerce of London, and all the main work of the shipping is now done far away.

Another contrast between the two towns is the fluctuations of size. London has always been, or, at any rate, for very many centuries, the second great city of the West. First it was second after Rome. Later it was second after Paris, but it outstripped Paris because its growth was not interrupted nor so subject to fluctuation. It was always a great town. It never suffered from war, and when modern industry came its growth was immediate and prosperous.

Yet it would be interesting to consider, if only we had precise figures, whether even modern London is larger, in proportion to the total population, than was the London of the past. Roman London, for instance, was far the largest city in the island, and the London of the eighteenth century and the London of the centuries between remains far the largest city. The proportion of the population of London and its suburbs at the time of the first census, more than a hundred years ago, though slightly less than what it is to-day, was not so very much less. It is very much less, of course, if you

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count in the area of what is called Greater London. And that leads me to another contrast between the two towns. London has never been strictly defined. Paris always has. London had its wall indeed, but even in the earliest times the suburbs straggling outside the wall were one with the life and tone of the city, and there have always been, at least so far as our records go, overlapping jurisdictions.

It was not so with Paris. When Paris outgrew one strict and defined boundary another was sooner or later established, and the plan of the city has been well compared to the section of a tree. You will see it increasing by regular rings, each of which marks some one civic definition of the past. There is first of all the Roman city of the Palace. Then there is the city of the Island, and the two suburbs to the north and south, the one of them the university, the other the seat of town government. Then there is the wall of Philip Augustus, the mediæval circle enclosing about three square miles. Then there is the wall of the Hundred Years' War, then, an outer ring again, the earthworks of the seventeenth century, now the Boulevards, which is no other word than our word bulwark, and means a defense, or rampart, or barrier. Then you get the fiscal boundary of the eighteenth century. Lastly the great ditch of the fortifications in the middle of the nineteenth century; and now we are upon the eve of yet another boundary, which will take in all the new suburbs and create a city, I believe, of three millions or more — a thing to be regretted.

But with these contrasts there go a number of similarities — things in which Paris and London resemble each other and in which the other great towns of Europe are more in contrast.

For instance, each city is the economic centre — the centre of 'power of demand' — of its country, and neither is, to anything like the same extent, a productive centre. And there goes with this character, of course, the social character of each being the centre of residence not only of that which officially governs the state, but of that wealthier class which, for the moment at least, is a directing power in the state. Each city has imposed its culture, especially through accent and form of language, upon the state of which it is the capital, though London, oddly enough, did not impose its weights and measures upon the rest of England — it was rather Winchester that did that — and though the popular accent in each case has but a very short radius of action.

In both capitals you have the tendency of the monarch's palace to go westward of the town. You have the series first of the Louvre outside the walls, then Versailles and St. Germains, just as you have the series first of Whitehall, Westminster, then of Hampton Court and lastly of Windsor.

In both capitals you have the survival and the disappearance of the Roman roads upon which the original of each was based. But the Roman roads have survived better in London than in Paris. Only one of the great Roman roads in Paris is still quite intact; it is that from the top of the university across to the Northern Gate called at different parts of its line the Rue St. Martin and the Rue St. Jacques. But in London you have great stretches of the Roman road from Streatham and the Old Kent Road, all Oxford Street, Holborn and the Bayswater Road, and the Edgeware Road, and the thoroughfare through Whitechapel to Essex, and I think portions of the North Road as well. Each capital has, of course, its great mediæval Abbey — Westmin-

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ster for London, St. Germain des Prés for Paris. But in all this similarity there is one final difference — the difference in continuity. On the material side it is due to the Great Fire of London 250 years ago, but on the moral side it is due to the difference in character between the two peoples.

The continuity of site in Paris is amazing. I have already pointed out how justice is administered on the same spot as it was administered under the Romans, and how it was kept in that place continuously from their time to ours. The same is true of worship. Under the high altar of Notre Dame they found 200 years ago the altar of the Roman temple. The same is true, too, of learning. Though the buildings have changed with the years, and are sometimes entirely renewed, the sites of the old University stand where they did, and when you are reading in the great University library near St. Geneviève you are upon the same spot as that in which, from that same college, the first Jesuits went out by night and formed their society in the crypt of the Church of Montmartre.

The markets of the towns are where the Roman markets stood, and the centre of the civic government stands where it stood in its first known origins of the very early Middle Ages.

You do not find the same continuity in London. There is a tradition, indeed, that the site of St. Paul's is continuous with Roman times. In almost every other case there is change. The law courts followed the king, and had two seats, the one at Westminster, the other at Lincoln's Inn. Even the port has shifted its centre of gravity, and the markets have either disappeared or are most of them modern things.

While to the eye you have the great solution of the continuity created by the Fire of London it is curious to note in Paris how even the newest-looking building will often betray, if it is examined, portions of antiquity. There is a house near the Palais Royal, commonplace enough, one of the staircases in which has a semi-circular side to its wall; that semi-circle is the remains of one of the old towers of the wall of Philippe Augustus. And there is a locksmith's shop near the statue of Danton, on the south side, which shows exactly the same thing. And in a very new building immediately to the north of Notre Dame you may see half built into the small courtyard the base of a tower which is certainly of the Dark Ages, and which legend ascribes to Dagobert. It is so throughout the city. But London was so gutted by the Great Fire that only on the fringes of it was there survival. You have, of course, St. Bartholomew's, and you have the lovely little chapel of the Savoy, and you have Southwark, but all the centre of the city went, and that is why the heart of London is (from a very different reason) like the heart of Rome, a seventeenth century thing. That is why a Londoner, when he thinks of an old London church, thinks of the churches of Wren as a Roman does of Bernini.

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IN PRAISE OF FRANCE!

BY PHILIP GIBBS

To-day, when across the Channel joy-bells are ringing and bugles blowing, and many battalions of blue and khaki are marching through triumphant arches, the soul of England, and of all our British race, must give a salute to France.

When the history of this war is written and read, so that the world may understand the heights and depths of it, France will stand out forever as the nation which suffered most, fought with most exalted heroism, and as a people, with her armies, revealed most wonderfully to the world a spiritual defiance of all agony and wounds.

I can write that in sincerity and truth, though I know as well as any man what British soldiers did in the war, and remember our million dead and their immense, patient valor on many battlefields where their graves were dug.

But it was France who in the beginning withstood the first terrible blows of the German armies in their full strength and ferocity, and staggered under them, but did not fall, and fell back, fighting desperately, bleeding frightfully, before that advancing tide which overwhelmed great tracts of country and made bonfires and ruin of many fair cities and thousands of little towns and villages, whose people fled, homeless, if they had time to flee, until Paris itself was threatened, and the very heart of France.

But the heart of France did not break and the spirit of her soldiers rallied to the first victory of the Marne, and after that was patient, long-suffering, and resolute in defense, reckless of life in many attacks that failed — poor boyhood of France!— but with a never-failing faith that one day the Germans would be hurled back from French soil and her people liberated.

In the first days of the war I was with the French and saw then not only what modern war means to the world, but what it meant to France. I was caught up in the tides of her fugitives from Lille and Arras and a thousand villages beyond Amiens and Paris, and after a few weeks it seemed to me that all my life had been spent in truck trains crowded with old men and women and young mothers and children, escaping from a fear that was following them; or in roads where these same people trudged away from their homes, leaving everything except life itself behind.

They were in a common misery. Fine ladies of France had dirty hands and soiled clothes like the peasant girls who were with them. Old men and women were as helpless and bewildered as the children who clung to them. But those people did not weep much. Hardly at all. They did not bemoan their losses. They said a thousand times, a million times, '*C'est la guerre!*' 'It is war; and we do not suffer as much as our sons who are fighting. We are glad to share a little of their suffering— those boys of ours who are dying so that France may live.'

That was the spirit of the French people from first to last, in spite of years when the war seemed intermin-

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able, in spite of attacks that failed, and continual slaughter, in spite of black months when despair settled heavily upon their souls, and they cried out to God because all their sacrifice seemed fruitless, and the loss of so many sons did not seem to bring victory nearer. And the enemy was still stretched across France, strong and terrible to strike.

But the people of France were marvelous in courage. On the British front we found them living in towns and villages on the very edge of the battlefields, and there they stayed under shell fire which smashed their houses and killed many of them, and ploughed deep holes in their fields. Old women hung out their washing on the slopes behind Albert over which shells came howling. Girls served in the tea-shops of Bethune until the roofs were blown off; and in Armentieres until hundreds of them were gassed in their cellars and many killed.

In Arras all through the war women and children lived below ground, coming up to sunlight between bombardments which wrecked their city from end to end. In Amiens they stayed until they were ordered to leave for their lives' sake, after a terrifying night, and even then, when the British front had broken under overwhelming odds, and the Germans were close at their gates, and many of their houses were in dust and ashes, they waved their hands to our soldiers, cheered them on, and said, '*Ils ne passeront pas!*' ('They will not pass!')

The Germans could not understand these French women.

'You are so proud!' they said in towns which were under their rule for four years or more, until at last we entered them. Those French people, under hostile rule, suffered much, spiritually. Worse than the taxes put on them, the taking of their wines and linen and metal and milk and machinery, was the sight of those field-gray men about them, and their assurance of victory over France, and their orders and discipline and arrogance.

But the French civilians were never subservient to the 'kommandantur' of the German occupation. They kept their dignity and their pride, and hid any despair they had in their own houses.

'Why not tell your people that resistance is useless?' said a German officer to a woman in Nesle. 'Why go on with all this slaughter?'

'We shall go on for three years, or four years, or five,' said the woman, 'and in the end we shall beat you.'

The officer was silent, and then said: 'You people are wonderful!'

All that I saw of French soldiers, officers and 'poilus' made me admire them, this side idolatry, from the time when I went with the first trainload of mobilized men from Paris to Belfort and Toul, in the first days of the war, to the days when they fought side by side with us in the last great battles. It was they who had that first fine faith — now lost, in spite of victory — that 'This is a war to end war.'

The French syndicalist who had believed in the 'Internationale' rushed to the Colors with rage in his heart, to save France, and civilization. But he said after a few weeks: 'This must never happen again in the world. If I thought my child should have to suffer this thing I would strangle it in its cradle. By defeating Germany we shall smash militarism forever. By saving France we save the world, and that is why I fight.'

The French aristocrat, the poet, the artist, the man of letters, the priest, and the little bourgeois gentleman, served in the ranks with the mechanic, the peasant, and the apache, in the brotherhood of the trenches, in the

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dirty ditches of death, in the squalor of barns and billets; and it was a democratic army, in its spirit and in its discipline, far beyond any democracy which we attained in ordeal by battle. To a French general his soldiers were '*mes enfants*,' his sons and children. He kissed his man on the cheek when he pinned a ribbon on his breast.

I saw the French army in the early days, the worst days, when the Germans were driving hard down to Paris. On the platform at Creil among a crowd of them a French sergeant of engineers showed me his diary, a record of bridges blown up by his company, the line of dreadful retreat.

'All goes well!' he said. 'Papa Joffre is preparing a fine trap. You wait — In a few days we shall give the Boche a terrible kick.'

So said all the men about him, though they had seen scores of French villages burning behind them, and were still in retreat. I marveled at their faith, until, in a few days, the battle of the Marne was fought and won.

People here in England do not know how the French fought in the first years of the war. They do not know, for example, the frightful fighting that happened on Notre Dame de Lorette, and in Souchez, and Ablain-St. Nazaire and Neuville St. Vaast, below the Vimy Ridge, before we came into those places, and made them part of our own history.

There was a place called the Labyrinth there, a maze of trenches and earthworks, where the French fought underground as well as above ground, sapping and mining, fighting Germans in dark tunnels, with bayonets and knives, and hands and teeth, in death-struggles. Seven thousand French boys of the youngest class fell in the dash down from La Targette to the village of Neuville St. Vaast, and 3,000 fell with mortal wounds.

Round Souchez and Ablain-St. Nazaire they fell in thousands, and to-day when the rain washes a little earth away, one sees the white bones of those boys with bits of red rag — the old red pantaloons of the first French armies. I went to those places when the French were there with the Vimy Ridge above them, and rain slashing down upon them, and shrapnel, and high explosives.

'It is not good here,' said a little French lieutenant.

No, it was not good there for the men of whom Henri Barbusse wrote — his comrades — in his novel, *Le Feu* (*Under Fire*), the greatest picture of this war from the poilu's point of view.

The poilu's point of view stretched from those fields about Vimy (and higher up by Dixmude, for a time) to the slaughterfields of Lorraine, until we took over more and more line, relieving his exhausted divisions, and I saw him in many of these places from time to time.

In the long, dreary years of trench warfare the French soldier became bitter with Fate sometimes, like our men, and thought himself forgotten by those behind the lines. It seemed to him that he was out there in the trenches, cut off forever from civilized life, awaiting that death which would come one day by trench mortar, or rifle-grenade, or high-explosive shell, or sniper's bullet, in the mud.

He was not relieved so often as our men. In his first year or two he stayed for months in the trenches without relief, and he said, 'We are forgotten — Paris is gay again! — The people at the back do not care a curse for us.'

But the people of France did not forget their sons, and the mothers of France agonized for them. Only corrupt people forgot, and made money, and gorged like vultures on the bodies

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of dead youth, like our own profiteers in England.

Again and again France attacked in the Champagne, in the hope of victory at last, and failed, and hid her losses, her tragic losses. Verdun, the key position of French defense, was assaulted by all the strength that Germany could spare, while on the British front we held our breath and waited.

In that heroic defense 550,000 Frenchmen fell dead or wounded, and after that, though France was saved again, her reserves of men were weakened. It seemed as though France would bleed to death.

Yet when our turn came, for the great battles of the Somme and Flanders and for losses greater than those at Verdun, the French still had a fighting strength, and in March of last year, after the last German offensive which was hurled against our lines, I saw a tide of blue streaming up behind us, when our lines were thin after frightful fighting.

It was the French army on the move again, an army of tall, solid, war-hardened men, the last reserves of France. In July a year ago, with English, Scottish, and American troops, Foch struck again on the Marne, gathering those reserves of his at the eleventh hour, striking at the psychological moment; and the Germans reeled back, and were lost, when the British armies struck the final blows.

Soldiers of France, the world to-day salutes your heroic spirit, your stern, simple courage, the chivalry with which you bore all suffering, many wounds, the agony of your country, the full abominations of this war which have scarred the beauty of France with one long belt of desolation and ruin.

In England to-day there will be little flags sold for the French Red Cross, and many people here will give what they can in remembrance of your ruined villages and churches, and of your suffering children. As an eye-witness of your valor, and lover of your people, I pay this tribute remembering the 'poilus' I met along the roads of war, and in trenches where they shared their pot-au-feu with me in 'Champagne pouilleuse,' so gallant in places of death, so gay even in the old bad years, so patient in their impatience for the Peace that has come.

Salut, poilus!

Daily Chronicle

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GOING SOUTH IN ITALY

BY NORMAN DOUGLAS

No butter for breakfast.

The landlord, on being summoned, avowed that to serve crude butter on his premises involved a flagrant breach of war-time regulations. The condiment could not be used save for kitchen purposes, and then only on certain days of the week; he was liable to heavy penalties if it became known that one of his guests — however, since he assumed me to be a prudent person, he would undertake to supply a due allowance to-morrow and thenceforward, though never in the public dining room; never, never in the dining room!

That is the charm of Italy, I said to myself. These folks are reasonable and gifted with imagination. They make laws to shadow forth an ideal state of things and to display their good intentions toward the community at large; laws which have no sting for the exceptional type of man who can avoid them — the sage, the millionaire, and the 'friend of the family.' Never in the dining room. Why, of course not. Catch me breakfasting in any dining room.

Was it possible? There, at luncheon in the dining room, while devouring those miserable macaroni made with war-time flour, I beheld an over-tall young Florentine lieutenant shamelessly engulfing huge slices of what looked uncommonly like genuine butter, a miniature mountain of which stood on a platter before him, and overtopped all the other viands. I could hardly believe my eyes. How about those regulations? Pointing to this golden hillock, I inquired softly:

'From the cow?'

'From the cow.'

'Whom does one bribe?'

He enjoyed a special dispensation, he declared — he need not bribe. Returned from Albania with shattered health, he had been sent hither to recuperate. He required not only butter, but meat on meatless days, as well as a great deal of rest; he was badly run down. And eggs, raw eggs, drinking eggs; ten a day, he vows, is his minimum. Enviable convalescent!

The afternoon being clear and balmy, he took me for a walk, smoking cigarettes innumerable. (He needed also cigarettes: 'I would sooner go without trousers than without tobacco,' he said.)

'They had a German here,' he told me, 'who loved this town. He began writing a book to prove that there was a different walk to be taken in the neighborhood for every single day of the year.'

'How German? And then?'

'The war came. He cleared out. The natives were sorry. This whole coast seems to have been saturated with Teutons — of a respectable class, apparently. They made themselves popular, they bought houses, drank wine, and joked with the countrymen.'

'What do you make of them?'

'I am a Tuscan,' he began, meaning, I am above race-prejudices; I can view these things with olympic detachment. 'I think the German says to himself: We want a world-empire, like those

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damned English. How did they get it? By piracy. Two can play at that game, though it may be a little more difficult now than formerly. Of course,' he went on, 'we have a certain sprinkling of humanitarians even here; the kind of man, I mean, who stands aside in fervent prayer while his daughter is being ravished by the Bulgars, and then comes forward with some amateurish attempt at First Aid, and probably makes a mess of it. But Italians on the whole — well, we are lovers of violent and disreputable methods; it is our heritage from mediæval times. The only thing that annoys the ordinary native of our country is, if his own son happens to get killed.'

'I know. That makes him very angry.'

'It makes him angry not with the Germans who are responsible for the war, but with his own government which is responsible for conscripting the boys. Ah, what a stupid subject of conversation! What an exhibition of fatuous idiocy we are all making of ourselves! And how God would laugh, if He had any sense of humor! Suppose we go down to the beach and lie in the sand? I need rest; I am very dilapidated.'

'You look thin, I must say.'

'Typhoid, and malaria, and pleurisy — it is a respectable combination. Thin? I am the merest framework, and so transparent that you can see clean through my stomach. Perhaps you would rather not try? Count my ribs, then.'

'Count your ribs? That, my dear lieutenant, is an occupation for a rainy afternoon. Judging by your length there must be a good many of them.'

'We must be kind to our young soldiers,' said the major to whom I was relating, after dinner, the story of our afternoon promenade. A burly personage is the major, with hooked nose and black moustache and twinkling eyes — retired now, from a service in the course of which he has seen many parts of the world; a fluent *raconteur*, moreover, who keeps us in fits of laughter with naughty stories and imitations of local dialects. 'We must be nice with them, and always offer them cigarettes. What say you, Mr. Lieutenant?'

'Yes, sir. Offer them cigarettes and everything else you possess. The dear fellows! They seldom have the heart to refuse.'

'Seldom,' echoes the judge.

That is our party; the judge, major, lieutenant, and myself. We dine together and afterwards sit in that side room while the fat little host bustles about, doing nearly all the work of the war-diminished establishment himself. Presently the first two rise and indulge in a lively game of cards, amid vigorous thumpings of the table and cursings at the ways of Providence which always contrives to ruin the best hands. I order another litre of wine. The lieutenant, to keep me company, engulfs half a dozen eggs. He tells me about Albanian women. I tell him about Indian women. We thrash the matter out, pursuing this or that aspect into its remotest ramifications, and finally come to the conclusion that I, at the earliest opportunity, must emigrate to Albania, and he to India.

As for the judge, he was born under the pale rays of Saturn. He has attached himself to my heart. Never did I think to care so much about a magistrate, and he a Genoese.

There are some men, a few men, very few, about whom one craves to be precise. Viewed through the mist of months, I behold a corpulent and almost grotesque figure of thirty-five or thereabouts; blue-eyed, fair-haired but

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nearly bald, clean-shaven, bespectacled. So purblind has he grown with poring over contracts and precedents that his movements are pathologically awkward — embryonic, one might say; his unwieldy gestures and contortions remind one of a seal on shore. The eyes being of small use he must touch with his hands. Those hands are the most distinctive feature of his person; they are full of expression; tenderly groping hands, that hesitate and fumble in wistful fashion like the feelers of some sensitive creature of night. There is trouble, too, in that obese and sluggish body; trouble to which the unhealthy complexion testifies. He may drink only milk, because wine, which he dearly loves — 'and such good wine, here at L——' — it always deranges the action of some vital organ inside.

The face is not unlike that of Thackeray.

A man of keen understanding who can argue the legs off a cow when duly roused, he seems far too good for a small place like this, where, by the way, he is a newcomer. Maybe his infinite myopia condemns him to relative seclusion and obscurity. He has a European grip of things; of politics and literature and finance. Needless to say, I have discovered his cloven hoof; I make it my business to discover such things; one may (or may not) respect people for their virtues, one loves them only for their faults. It is a singular tinge of mysticism and credulity which runs through his nature. Can it be the commercial Genoese, the gambling instinct? For he is an authority on stocks and shares, and a passionate card-player into the bargain. Gambling and religion go hand in hand — they are but two forms of the same speculative spirit. Think of the Poles, an entire nation of pious roulette-lovers! I have yet to meet a full-blown agnostic who relished these hazards. The unbeliever is not adventurous on such lines; he knows the odds against backing a winner in heaven or earth.

Often, listening to this lawyer's acute talk and watching his uncouth but sympathetic face, I ask myself a question, a very obvious question hereabouts: How could you cause him to swerve from the path of duty? How predispose him in your favor? Sacks of gold would be unavailing: that is certain. He would wave them aside, not in righteous Anglo-Saxon indignation, but with a smile of tolerance at human weakness. To simulate clerical leanings? He is too sharp; he would probably be vexed, not at your attempt to deceive, but at the implication that you took him for a fool. A good tip on the stock exchange? It might go a little way, if artfully tendered. Perhaps an apt and unexpected quotation from the pages of some obsolete jurist — the intellectual method of approach; for there is a kinship, a kind of freemasonry, between all persons of intelligence, however antagonistic their moral outlook. In any case, it would be a desperate venture to override the conscience of such a man. May I never have to try!

His stern principles must often cause him suffering, needless suffering. He is forever at the mercy of some categorical imperative. This may be the reason why I feel drawn to him. Such persons exercise a strange attraction upon those who, convinced of the eternal fluidity of all mundane affairs, and how that our most sacred institutions are merely conventionalities of time and place, conform to only one rule of life — to be guided by no principles whatever. They miss so much, those others. They miss it so pathetically. One sees them staggering gravewards under a load of self-imposed bu dens. A lamentable spectacle, when

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one thinks of it. Why bear a cross? Is it pleasant? Is it pretty?

He also has taken me for walks, but they are too slow and too short for my taste. Every twenty yards or so he must stand still to 'admire the view' — that is, to puff and pant.

'What it is,' he then exclaims, 'to be an old man in youth, through no fault of one's own! How many are healthy, and yet vicious to the core!'

I inquire:

'Are you suggesting that there may be a connection between sound health and what society, in its latest fit of peevish self-maceration, is pleased to call viciousness?'

'That is a captious question,' he replies. 'A man of my constitution, unfit for pleasures of the body, is prone to judge severely. Let me try to be fair. I will go so far as to say that to certain natures self-indulgence appears to be necessary as — as sunshine to flowers.'

Self-indulgence, I thought. Heavily fraught is that word; weighted with meaning. The history of two thousand years lies embedded in its four syllables. Self-indulgence — it is what the ancients blithely called 'indulging one's genius.' Self-indulgence! How debased an expression, nowadays. What a text for a sermon on the mishaps of good words and good things. How all the glad warmth and innocence have faded out of the phrase. What a change has crept over us.

I leave Pisa to-morrow or next day. The streets of the town, the distant beach of San Rossore and its pine trees — they are full of sad memories: memories of an autumn month in the early nineties. A city of ghosts.

The old hotel has put on a new face; freshly decorated, it wears none the less a poverty-stricken air. My dinner was bad and insufficient. The place is full of rigid officers, taking themselves quite seriously. Odd, how a uniform can fill a man with self-importance. What does Bacon say? I forget. Something apposite — something about the connection between military costumes and vanity. For the worst of this career is that it is liable to transform even a sensible man into a fool. I never see these sinister-clanking marionettes without feelings of distrust. They are the outward symbol of an atavistic idea; the human mentality at its lowest — readjusted, that is, solely for purposes of destruction and humiliation. They are the enemy of all that makes for happiness, the modern *infâme*. We have been dying for some time past from over-legislation. Now we are fairly caught in the noose. A bureaucracy is bad enough. A bureaucracy can at least be corrupted. Militarism dries up even that little fount of the imagination. Will there ever again be a land without uniforms?

Perhaps we shall dwell in caves again; they came near it, at the end of the Thirty Years' War. Such a cataclysm as ours may account for the unfortunate extinction of the great Cro-Magnon civilization; they, too, may have been afflicted with the plague of nationalism, unless, as I think more likely, that horrid work was accomplished by a microbe of some kind.

In the hour of evening, under a wintry sky amid whose darkly massed vapors a young moon is peering down upon this maddened world, I wander through deserted roadways toward that old solitary brick tower. Here I stand and watch the Arno rolling its sullen waves. In Pisa, at such an hour, the Arno is the emblem of despair. Swollen with melted snow from the mountains, it has gnawed its miserable clay banks and now creeps along, leaden and inert, half-solid, like a torrent of liquid mud — irresolute whether to be earth or water; whether

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to stagnate here forever at my feet, or crawl onward yet another sluggish league into the sea. So may Lethe look, or Styx: the nightmare of a flood.

There is dreary monotony in Italian rivers, once they have reached the plain. They are livelier in their upper reaches. At Florence — where those citron-tinted houses are mirrored in the stream — you may study the Arno in all its ever-changing moods. Seldom is its color quite the same. The hue of rusty iron in full spate, it shifts at other times between apple-green and jade, between celadon and chrysolite and eau-de-nil. In the weariness of summer the tints are prone to fade altogether out o the waves. They grow bleached, devitalized; they are spent — withering away like grass that has lain in the sun. Yet with every thunderstorm on yonder hills the color-sprite leaps back into the waters.

Your Florentine of the humbler sort loves to dawdle along the bank on a bright afternoon, watching the play of the river and drawing a kind of philosophic contentment out of its cool aquatic humors. Presently he reaches that bridge — the jewelers' bridge. He thinks he must buy a ring. Be sure the stone will reflect his Arno in one of its moods. I will wager he selects a translucent chrysoprase set in silver, a cheap and stubborn gem whose frigidly uncompromising hue chimes in, mysteriously, with his own temperament. His is not the cult of fire, but of that other element — cold, playfully yielding, relentless.

The Anglo-Italian Review

THE WAY OF THE SERPENT

BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON

VERY few animals at the Zoo showed any fear of snakes suddenly brought into their presence, and we doubt if man has any instinctive dread either. Among the exceptions at the Zoo were various monkeys, and it is conceivable that long ago it may have been of survival value in that race to have an ingrained constitutional antipathy, which some would call racial memory, to the deadly tree-snakes, which wind their way from branch to branch in the tropical forest. During man's aboreal apprenticeship such an inborn prejudice might likewise have been of value, but there is little evidence of its reality; and, apart from special cases of extraordinary attraction and repulsion, the dislike that the majority of men have for snakes is sufficiently accounted for by wise tradition on the one hand, and careless mis-education on the other. It has a shrewder basis than the widespread antipathy that women have or mice, for the grip that the snake has taken of human imagination is readily intelligible in terms of its practical fearsomeness, its eerie movements, its elusiveness, and its uncanny ways in general. A puncture from these slender fangs and the strong man passes; the python breaks the mammal's bones in its coils, and swallows a creature much stouter than itself; a brown

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snake appears out of the brown soil — it is the earth's living essence; it sloughs the outermost layer of its skin, bearing an imprint of all the scales which are imbedded beneath it, and appears all fresh and glistening — it has the secret of eternal youth; its movements are very perplexing; can we wonder that legitimate inferences and natural non sequiturs have given serpents a unique place in man's imaginings? A snake coils around the tree of Igdrasil; a snake forms the couch of Vishnu; a snake is the crest of the crown of one of the Egyptian gods; a snake climbs up the staff of Æsculapius; has any other creature insinuated itself so intricately into human life? As Ruskin said, the snake is a divine hieroglyph of the demoniac power of the earth, and it commands our admiration if we cannot bring ourselves to give it respect. In Britain, there is no excuse for holidayers being proud of killing an adder, which is quite worthy of the little it asks of a place in the sun; and to batter to death the gentle and innocent grass snake is as silly as jumping on a cauliflower.

The chief zoölogical interest of snakes is in the adaptations which every corner of the body illustrates. More strikingly than many animals, though not more really than any other, the snake is a bundle of adaptations. But this suggests far too wide a theme; we wish to consider only 'the way of the serpent upon a rock,' which the ancient sage confessed to be too wonderful for him. We admit that it is too wonderful for us also, but it is a problem worth nibbling at, and it must be granted that the movement of a snake to one who knows the architecture of the body is not so hopelessly wonderful as it is to the unsophisticated observer, who sees a limbless, cylindrical creature moving with a mysterious celerity which his own does not for the moment surpass as much as he wishes. First of all we must consider the shape of the body, which is so well suited for sneaking through holes, for gliding among the thick herbage, and in some cases for burrowing in the ground. The sea-snakes have a laterally compressed tail. It is interesting to recall the limbless forms among amphibians and among lizards, for, in their likeness to snakes, they illustrate what is technically called convergence, a resemblance between unrelated animals which have become similarly adapted to similar conditions of life. Internally, these worm-like amphibians and lizards are very different from snakes, but the external resemblance is often very close. It is a common and not altogether easy exercise for a young student of zoölogy to have to distinguish between a burrowing Cæcilian (which is a limbless amphibian), a burrowing amphisbænid (which is a limbless lizard), and a thorough-going burrowing snake such as Typhlops. The big ventral scales which usually mark off a snake at a glance are replaced by uniform small scales in the burrowers; and the Cæcilians, though belonging to a naked class, have often small scales imbedded in their skins. The snake's elongation of body must be of very ancient standing, for there is no trace of a breast-bone such as is found in a glow-worm (a limbless lizard), and it is only in rare cases that there is any vestige of a hip-girdle and a hind-limb. He must be rather dull whose imagination is not stirred by observing the clawlike spurs of a big python — the dwindling vestiges of a pair of hind-limbs which the unknown ancestors of snakes must have possessed. We must not linger over the snake's shape, but it is instructive to notice that it affects the lie of internal organs. Thus there is not room for two lungs, and the left one is much the smaller; the liver is an

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elongated organ; the kidneys are in a line with one another, not opposite as usual. The effects of the elongation of the snake's body are far-reaching, but it should be noted that it concerns the trunk and not the tail, the latter being usually quite short.

If snakes evolved from a stock common to them and to lizards, as seems highly probable, one of the notable steps was the loss of limbs, and it is interesting to remember that while the vast majority of lizards have two pairs well developed, there are a few with only fore limbs, a few with only hind limbs, and a few with none at all. What more can the skeptic desire? But the loss of limbs demands some other instruments of locomotion, and everyone knows that the snake has found these in its elongated ribs which are attached, by ligament, to the large scales crossing the ventral surface of the body. There are sometimes nearly three hundred vertebræ, and all of these, except the first and those of the short tail, bear ribs. These ribs are worked by many muscles and move like ours, headward and tailward, and when the edges of the strong transverse scales grip the roughnesses of the ground the movement of the associated ribs pushes the body forward. Ruskin was not far from the mark when he wrote: 'The snake literally rows on the earth with every scale for an oar; it bites the dust with the ridges of its body,' for two factors coöperate — the contraction of skin musculature which raises the scales so that their strong posterior margin catches on the ground, and the pull of the ribs which brings the scales into place again, and in so doing pushes the long body forward. It is a beautiful sight, the correlated action of these hundred oars at different parts of the body 'all with the same calm will and equal way' — 'a wave, but without wind! a current, but with no fall,' 'one soundless, causeless march of sequent rings, and spectral procession of spotted dust, with dissolution in its fangs, dislocation in its coils.' 'Startle it,' Ruskin continues, 'the winding stream will become a twisted arrow — the wave of poisoned life will lash through the grass like a cast lance.' In the ordinary gliding there is a suggestion of the wave-like appearance one sees in a big millipede, which is probably due to the limbs being moved in sets. Dr. Charles Owen, in his quaint *Essay Towards a Natural History of Serpents*, reckons both millipedes and centipedes as 'serpents,' and says: 'In these multipedes the mechanism of the body is very curious; in their going, it is observable that on each side of their bodies every leg has its motion one regularly after another, so that their legs, being numerous, form a kind of undulation, and thereby communicate to the body a swifter progression than one could imagine where so many short feet are to take so many short steps, that follow one another rolling on like the waves of the sea.' Many years ago, Sir Ray Lankester found it very difficult to analyse the order of the centipede's going, and came to the conclusion that if the animal had to study the question itself, it would not get on at all. He quoted the verses:

A Centipede was happy quite
  Until a toad in fun
Said, 'Pray, which leg moves after which?'
This raised her doubts to such a pitch,
She fell exhausted in the ditch,
  Not knowing how to run.

But although the movements of multipedes are not easy to follow, they are not so puzzling as those of 'nullipedes,' as snakes may be called. For in centipedes and millipedes the jointed legs are in a very direct way oars that press against the ground and lever the animal forwards, whereas in snakes, as

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we have seen, there are no projecting appendages and the leverage is more complicated, ribs and scales working together with correlated movements.

Of the ordinary gliding movement Sir Richard Owen said: 'If the observer have the nerve to lay his hand flat in the reptile's course, he will feel, as the body glides over the palm, the surface pressed, as it were, by the edges of a close-set series of paper-knives, successively falling flat after each application.' But there is a second swifter mode of locomotion by successively bending and almost with a jerk straightening portions of the body. The vertebræ have great mobility, sideways, but almost no dorso-ventral freedom, and in the quick lateral wriggling, it is probably advantageous that they should have deep ball-and-socket joints and two pairs of articulating processes instead of the single pair usual in other animals. Moreover there is a wedge-like process on the anterior surface of each vertebra which fits into a corresponding depression on the posterior surface of the one in front. These structural specializations are surely adaptive to obviating the risk of dislocation in the very rapid movements, which reach a climax when the snake strikes or springs. Well might Sir Richard Owen allow himself some enthusiasm: 'It is true that the serpent has no limbs, yet it can outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, and, suddenly loosing the close coils of its crouching spiral, it can spring into the air and seize the bird upon the wing: all these creatures have been observed to fall its prey. The sepent has neither hands nor talons, yet it can outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger in the embrace of its ponderous overlapping folds.' Outclimb the monkey, outswim the fish, outleap the jerboa, outwrestle the athlete, and crush the tiger — surely, a miracle of mobile strength! There is nothing left, says another enthusiast no doubt with ophidiophilia, save cross a horse-hair rope, get off a sheet of perfect ice, and swallow a porcupine.

We cannot leave 'the way of the serpent upon a rock' without noting that its consummate movements without limbs illustrate one of the main methods of organic evolution — making apparent new things out of very old things. The elephant's trunk is a very long nose; the spider's spinnerets are transformed abdominal limbs, and so probably is the sting of a bee; the delicate chain of three links — hammer, anvil, and stirrup — which transmits vibrations from the drum of our ear to the essential organ of hearing which is deeply imbedded in bone was once part of the commonplace framework of the jaws. So the snake's locomotor apparatus, by which a nullipede becomes a multipede, what is it but a transformation of old-fashioned ribs?

The New Statesman

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MEXICO: A BRITISH VIEW

SOME time ago, describing the condition of Mexico, we said that unless her government succeeded in maintaining order to the extent she had failed to do in the recent past serious trouble was brewing for the Republic. Various reports are current of the murder of American citizens and British subjects, and the United States Government and our own are naturally demanding that full inquiries should be made regarding the truth of these reports, and if they prove to be true, the Mexican Government will be held responsible for failing to protect the livs of foreigners resident in its territory. Practically, there is not, and has not been for some years now, an effective government in Mexico. General Villa is very little better than a bandit, and exercises his authority over only a comparatively small area in the northwest of the Republic. President Carranza has really no effective control over the greater part of Mexico, although he affects to exercise jurisdiction over the greater part of the Republic. Until quite recently both Carranza and Villa, although they levied blackmail on the property of foreigners, derived their revenue from exploiting the railways and the mining enterprises, which for the most part are foreign owned. So far as the railways are concerned, Carranza in particular has derived the enormous revenue he enjoys from seizing the earnings of the lines, which are worked for the benefit of his government; but he pays nothing to the stockholders who own these lines. Both he and Villa have paid more respect to the rights of the mine owners, otherwise the mines would not be worked at all, as neither of them has at his command competent engineers capable of working them. Above all, both Carranza and Villa have had the sense up to the present to respect at least the lives of foreigners; but apparently, the situation appears to have got beyond the control of both these chiefs. Carranza's position was difficult enough while Villa confined his activities to the western mountains; but since he has become more aggressive, during last winter, and in the spring of the present year, and particularly since he destroyed part of the main line from Mexico City, the president appears to have lost whatever little control he had over the greater part of Mexican territory.

Of course, the position, both of President Carranza and of General Villa, is exceedingly difficult, and unless Carranza could succeed in defeating Villa the difficulties which have apparently come about were inevitable. There is no proper government, and consequently no regular industry can be carried on in the Republic. A country between three and four times the size of France, with one of the finest climates in the world, and capable of growing everything, from European cereals to the rich products of the tropics, and with a highly fertile soil, is constantly on the verge of famine. Practically, the government, such as it is, lives by the robbery of foreigners. There is no constitution that is repected by anybody; no regular taxes are or can be levied; but the bandits of the two contending factions make raids from time to time, mainly on the property of foreigners,

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to obtain the revenue they enjoy. Of course, Carranza is by far the stronger, as he controls the railways, robs them unmercifully, and derives, in addition, a large revenue from levying blackmail on the oilfields, which are partly British and partly American owned. So uncertain has been the position of the oilfields that for years now the United States Government has kept a warship, and sometimes more than one, in Tampico Bay, for the purpose of overawing the government, and in case of necessity of landing bluejackets. In practice, however, this protection has been found to be only partially effective, and in reality a firm, acting as the agents of President Carranza, makes a regular practice of extorting something like a quarter of a million sterling every year from the petroleum mine owners, a large proportion of whom are British subjects. Fortunately, the oilfields are situated near to the Atlantic seaboard and in close proximity to Tampico Bay; otherwise it is exceedingly doubtful if it would be possible to work these fields at all in the state of general chaos which has prevailed during recent years in Mexico. The silver mines are situated, for the most part, in the interior, and they are worked under even greater difficulties than those under which the oilfields are operated. It will naturally be inferred that to obtain mining machinery, which all has to be imported, is a problem of the greatest difficulty to the various mining engineers in charge of the different mines. The working of many mines has had, in fact, to be abandoned, because a railway has been torn up or a road has become impassable owing to the military operations of the two contending factions. Incidents like these, however, are merely the beginning of the problem of those responsible for working the mines in a country in the present condition of Mexico. Even if the mines were working fairly effectively, the engineer in charge never knows when he may expect a visit from some band of marauders, usually acting, or affecting to act, in the interest of the general who for the moment exercises authority in the district where the mine is situated. Villa's lieutenant may come one week and demand some arbitrary sum, and if it is not paid at once the mine manager is carried off to the bandit's stronghold in the mountains. No sooner has the mine manager got back, and, having collected his work-people together, once more started to work his mine, than fresh demands are made upon him by the myrmidons of Carranza.

Under the old régime of the late President Diaz, Mexico was a country of vast estates, and in a sense is so still. It will, however, readily be appreciated that if the various factions who have ruled Mexico, or part of Mexico, during the past eight years practised such exactions as we have described upon the railway companies, the oilfields, and the mining companies, virtually all owned by foreigners, they did not spare the native landowner who was in a position to contribute anything to their various war chests. In fact, they have virtually cleared out these people altogether. The really great landowners, who had in the past accumulated resources which they were able to invest abroad, have for the most part left the country, and are generally residing either in Europe or in the United States. They are, of course, waiting for better times, when they hope at some future date to be able to return to their native land and resume possession of their several properties. Meanwhile, these properties remain uncultivated and are going to rack and ruin. Carranza, Villa, or some other marauder has impressed

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most of the young and able-bodied peons on these estates for the purpose of recruiting their armies. These marauders have of course seized the horses and anything portable likely to be useful still remaining on the estates. For the cultivation of these estates only the old and infirm or the very young remain. Without capital, with only the most primitive implements, and with no inducement to engage in tillage upon any effective scale, if they did succeed in raising a valuable crop a large proportion of it would be seized by one of the marauders. Consequently, Carranza and Villa have very little option except to prey upon the three important sources of revenue which we have already described. Failing to establish any form of settled government, and raising an adequate revenue from native sources, which the natural resources of the country would readily admit, they have naturally killed the goose which lays the golden egg, and they are now threatened with the consequences of their past misdeeds.

In order to appreciate the causes which have brought about the present state of chaos in Mexico, both politically and economically, it is essential that one should understand the history of Mexico as it has come down to us. Imperfectly, it is true, we have in fragmentary form a long history of Mexico, coming down, with appreciable breaks, from about the third century of the Christian era. Apparently the most civilized of the native peoples was not the dominant race which Cortes conquered in the interests of the Spanish Crown. In the remote past there was a people in the province of Yucatan whose remains and monuments appear to indicate a higher degree of civilization than Mexico has since attained. They do not appear at any time to have spread over any considerable part of what we now call Mexico. However highly civilized in the sense of practising the industrial arts they may have been, their military organization appears to have been wholly defective. They appear to have been succeeded by a people wholly inferior to them in everything except the development of their military polity. This is, of course, by no means an unusual incident in history. We have seen it so recently as in the late war, where practically the whole civilized world had to band itself together in order to break the military policy of Prussia. Various races succeeded one another in Mexico, and although the Aztecs were the dominant race when Cortes landed in the dawning years of the sixteenth century, they exercised a very ineffective control over the various tribes who at that time composed the population of Mexico. The bulk of Cortes' army was recruited from an Atlantic coast tribe which at the moment was in rebellion against the central authority of Mexico City. If the Spaniards had had the true instincts of government, as the Normans had, for example, in England, they entered Mexico under circumstances of great advantage. Something like a dozen different tribes, different in race, different in creeds, and bitterly hostile to one another, composed the population of Mexico, under the nominal sovereignty of the central government, which, as already said, was never really effective. The Spaniards' notion of government was to turn the natives into slaves for the purpose of obtaining as much gold and silver as possible from Mexico. In the sequel Spanish rule impoverished Mexico and reduced its population, rather than assisted the economic development of the country.

When the Spaniards were driven out the Mexicans to a large extent reverted to the position they had occupied,

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although with inferior economic resources, at the beginning of the Spanish Colonial period. The form of government adopted was a copy of that of the United States, which in the sequel has proved wholly unsuited to the requirements of Mexico. Practically the only periods of tranquillity Mexico has enjoyed since the establishment of the Republic have been periods when the country was wholly in the hand of a despot. The disadvantage of such a form of government is that the country reverts to chaos when the controlling hand of the despot is removed.

The Statist

GREAT BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL DECADENCE: AN EMPLOYER'S OPINION

THE industrial and commercial preeminence of Great Britain has been, in truth, a goodly heritage. But for it the doctrine of force, that savage principle of crude materialism, would to-day be masquerading throughout Europe in the guise of civilizing culture. Nothing can gainsay the fact that Great Britain's dominating position in commerce and in industry was the solid rock foundation on which was based the great and victorious national effort of self-sacrifice that has carried us triumphantly through the war.

If our industrial and commercial power and all that flows from it have, during the recent war, rendered services to civilization beyond recompense, so also in past years has it done to us as a nation. Let us not decry our national standards. That is an occupation far too congenial to many. Our standards of life, thanks entirely to our financial power, would proudly stand comparison with those of other countries. That is not to say they are incapable of improvement.

In many respects before the war improvement was long overdue. Now, impoverished as we are, the possibility of improvement, assuming the will, depends entirely upon the replenishment of our financial resources. That, in turn, wholly depends upon our industrial energy and production. This plain truth seems entirely disregarded by employers and employed, by the community, by the government especially, whose lavish expenditure almost betokens some secret supply of national wealth, dropping daily like manna from the heavens, in its abundancy proportioned to political exigency.

Our industrial progressiveness, with all its vast potentialities under an enlightened outlook for ameliorating the lot in life of the industrious worker, at the moment has ceased. Retrogression has set in strongly. Whether temporarily or permanently, — it is most earnestly to be hoped the former, — British industry is degenerating into decadence. That is being publicly proclaimed by our trade competitors. Our commercial attainments of a hundred years can under the present mobile conditions of foreign markets be sacrificed irretrievably in a twelvemonth. Yet, so far as can be seen, we are fast drifting into that calamitous position with full realization of all its dire national results through pure lack of foresight, policy, and leadership on the part of employers, trade unions, and the government, and with apparent acquiescence by the public.

That the government has no industrial policy is plain. It seems to imagine, in its incursions into industry, that it is dealing with disciplined, enlightened, and homogeneous bodies of employers and workmen which accept as gospel or command the dictum, advice, or directions of cabinet ministers. But no government can compel a free citizen to work at all, still less to work of his best. Some men

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respond best to an ethical stimulus; some react only to economic pressure; most, with education, can be induced to conform to economic law.

One thing, however, is quite certain. No community can be organized along any great line of national development without a compelling policy, and without some leader to convince men's reasons, engage their enthusiasm, and harness their coöperation. If anyone doubts what forcible national policy and leadership can effect, let him consider how Japan was occidentalized, notwithstanding tremendous opposing prejudices, in little more than a generation. Or, on the other hand, reflect how Germany was organized, in the early days, by conviction and persuasion and not by dragooning, in pursuit of its baleful ideal of world-power. Can anyone deny that policy and leadership are the only possible remaining means for solving our industrial problem?

'What sort of government policy?' it will be asked. The answer can be put in a word: 'Be just and fear not' — a policy of even fairness, fixity of purpose, firmness. Those are, happily, the qualities most respected by the British working man. That I can most emphatically affirm after very considerable experience. No government need ever be afraid to face any section of industry with a policy that is transparently honest and fair. Dilatoriness, indecision, vacillation are invariably construed by the workers as crookedness of intent and intention to do the unfair thing for some ulterior motive. It is not an unnatural view for men to hold who believe, in some respects mistakenly, in their cause, and who for want of education see one side only of the case. Variant decisions, opportunist action, eleventh-hour intervention in collective bargaining, uneven administration mistakes from inexperience of industrial conditions the workmen regard as wholly incompatible with the existence of any fair and equitable state policy. Indeed, they are regarded as conclusive evidence of some secret Machiavellian statecraft. Want of firmness, conceding to force what has previously been refused as a matter of stated policy in negotiation round the conference table, the alternation between entreaty and threats, deprive the government of all support from the moderate labor. No prudent trade union leader who has to maintain a personal hold over men will put out on the stormy sea of industrial controversy and nail his colors to the mast to fight for some item of government labor policy if, at the first sign of extremist attack, the government lose courage and, with no thought for their allies, eventually capitulate. To the community, at least, the government owes the duty of standing fast and resisting outright and at all costs any extremist demand which imposes unjust burdens on the country.

No less among employers is there a complete absence of policy and of leadership. True, there are many employers, and chairmen of employers' organizations, who individually are men of wide sympathy and far vision, who recognize that industry is essentially a form of national service, and that as leaders of it they have great public responsibilities. But this spirit is not reflected, speaking generally, in bodies of employers when, aggregated in their representative organizations, they meet labor for the purposes of industrial negotiation. Their collective attitude is then much too frequently a complete 'non-possumus,' or of stubborn yielding, even on matters justly meriting ready concession, only to the strongest pressure. A too ready recognition, it is thought, of labor's just claims will only urge labor to unreasonable demands on some future

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occasion under the expectation of their meeting with similar acceptance.

It is a curious ethical code, one which I have never met any employer of repute prepared to justify in his private and personal capacity. What, then, should be the official policy of employers? Without doubt a policy of humanization — to recognize and to negotiate with workmen on the basis that labor is not a commodity any longer to be bought and sold like so much raw material, but entitled to exercise an effective voice in fixing its conditions of employment, to wield real power in the self-government of the industry, to enjoy a fair share of the profits.

It may then be said: 'All this is cordially subscribed to by employers.' To that I reply, 'It is not an active, unreservedly indorsed, and honored principle, as it ought to be.' Of this there is unfortunately conclusive proof. Many Whitley joint national councils have been established for industrial self-government with a considerable number of affiliated joint district councils. These joint councils of employers and workmen are intended acting in coöperation to frame the national and district policy of the industry. But what creates the spirit of coöperation is the workshop committee; without it the whole Whitley scheme is but dry bones, without any semblance to a living organism.

In the workshop committee, the individual employer and his own workmen meet as man to man and face to face, exchange their views, discuss their grievances, and conclude their workshop bargains. It is the only visible sign to the rank and file of the working of the great harmonizing mechanism. Yet with some notable exceptions employers are taking no effective steps to establish these vital committees. The number so far functioning is infinitesimal. I know full well the reasons. So does also the great majority of employers. Is it quite hopeless to call for leadership? There are, to my knowledge, a score of great captains of industry, any one of whom could lead, if he only would. All of them are men whom I know to be profoundly concerned at the present policy of drift, and who possess outstanding influence, not merely among brother employers, but with labor.

So also with labor. At no time in its history has it stood in more urgent need of a constructive policy and of outstanding leadership. On the early emergence of both depend the greater part of its immediate industrial well-being and the whole of its political future. It is an utterly mistaken view, which many people hold, that labor includes within its ranks no really able and enlightened leaders, or dominating personalities. The trouble is trade union jealousies. They are so acute that either the men who can lead will not come forward, or if they do, they command no effective following outside the members of their own organizations. As a result, the extremist and the revolutionary secures the limelight, excites the interest, and attracts the attention, even if he fails to obtain the convinced support of the general body of workers.

It is equally wrong to assume the worker is not ready and willing to be led. The proportion of labor deliberately adhering to syndicalistic doctrine and actively furthering 'the social revolution' while prominent and noisy, is really very small. On the other hand, the proportion of labor which although ignorant of the very elements of economic truth, or confused with Marxian sophistry, is very great.

The policy for organized labor must surely be the policy of work as opposed

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to restricted output, and of constitutional procedure as opposed to 'direct action.' To this all other things can be added. Without it no aspiration of labor, industrial or political, is attainable; at best but 'dead sea fruit.' The strike is and must remain the final weapon in the armory of labor, but it ought to remain the very last. There is no difference whatever between the strike as the first weapon and militarism's 'rattling of the sabre,' to which labor so forcibly objects. It is an immediate appeal, in the first instance, to the lethal weapon of force before even trying the concordant machinery of peace. No voting at trade union assemblies will convince me that 'direct action' has the approval of any substantial number of individual British workmen. If leadership and policy could only be evolved on lines as sketched above the present lowering outlook would prove but a passing storm.

An appeal for an industrial policy and for leadership is no idle cry. It is the nation's greatest need. The national position of industry is serious and daily growing in gravity. Our national stock of wealth, so deeply drawn on by the war, is being exhausted at an alarming rate. There seems no limit to national expenditure, not the least attempt at national or private economy. Our foreign trade is slipping from us. Our national industries, the main source of our wealth and our mainstay for the future, are slowly dying. Still we drift on in careless optimism. Instead of a vitalizing policy we have arid platitudes; for leadership we have obvious opportunism; for action, the fatal course of least resistance. And all the time the inexorable sands are relentlessly running out against us as a nation.

The Sunday Times

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TALK OF EUROPE

CHAMPAGNE has been so horribly dear throughout the peace festivities that many once haughty hostesses have perforce succumbed to Saumur and sparkling Muscatel. At one of last week's garden parties a dejected admiral was suddenly cheered by a lusty popping of corks at a buffet under a tree. In common with other thirsty souls, he hurried to the spot. 'Here you are, admiral,' said his hostess, singling him out and graciously filling a shallow glass with scented foam. But he had meanwhile caught sight of the label; and the gallant old sea-dog fell back, saying: 'No, ma'am, no. Women and children first.'

IN the *Berliner Tageblatt* for July 17, Count Von Bernstorff, late Ambassador to the United States, makes some exceedingly interesting observations. He writes:

'During the whole war two minds dwelled within German policy; the one was naval-military and the other civilian-political. All the utterances of our government which reached Washington during the period of America's neutrality were dictated either by the one tendency, or were the result of a compromise between both. Thus one can more justly speak of a split in German policy than of its "two-faced" nature. The one tendency wanted the U-boat war, even if it drove the United States to a breach with us; the other wanted to join in with President Wilson's policy and so come to peace. The struggle between these two tendencies began with the Lusitania episode and ended with the declaration of the unrestricted U-boat campaign in the defeat of the civilians. As one of the chief factors in this struggle, I can offer the most binding assurances that the German civil policy always kept the one end in view. It did not carry on negotiations with a view to preparing for the U-boat war in the meantime, as many Americans still believe to-day. Nor did it instigate any "conspiracies" in America. The German civil administration had absolutely no knowledge of the worst things which were being done by the naval-military tendency over there, such as, for example, the Rinteln mission. The two chief sins with which we are charged under the heading "two-faced" — the Adlon dinner in honor of Ambassador Gerard, and the Mexico telegram — were only committed after the Berlin civil administration had hauled down its sails before the superior force of the naval-military party. Just like the astrologer in *Faust*, the German Government then only made such declarations as were whispered to it by the naval-military Mephisto. This moment was the climax of the German tragedy. The mediatory action, which had just then been begun by President Wilson, was rendered worthless by our deed, and the war was lost. All efforts made at the last moment from Washington to alter Berlin's decision came to naught, as will be remembered, on account of "technical difficulties." '

A MAN who lives in the Temple was troubled through the night by the rampageous conduct of the mice in his chamber. Next morning, which was Peace Day, he found two of them trapped, and gave them to his laundress, as the Temple charwomen are called, to destroy. She hesitated, and said: 'Well, sir, it's Peace Day, and it's a pity to kill anything.' The occupant agreed, and suggested letting them loose in the court. 'No,' said the laundress, 'there are lots of cats about the court. I will take them down to Mr. ——,' naming a well-known K.C. —'and let them loose there. He's not much in his chambers.' And she did.'

'PEACE,' said the proud godmother, at a baptism yesterday, in answer to the Padre's admonition, 'Name this child'; whereupon the Padre permitted himself to smile in his beard, for the child was the very opposite of a pattern of peace at the moment; in-

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deed, was making a prodigious uproar. And the thought occurred to the Padre that the child objected to a name which, some thirty or forty years hence, must needs, by linking her to this year of grace, tell all the world her age. His sense of humor being thus stirred, later, at the baptismal tea, the Padre told one of his good old stories — how a Devon parson was sorely puzzled, on demanding the name of an infant, by the answer, 'Job's third daughter, sir, please, sir.' The reply being persisted in, he sent for a Bible, to discover, to his horror, that the intended name was Keren-happuch. The Padre then explained why the names of the daughters of Job were popular of old — because those daughters were described as the fairest in all the land.

Readers who know their Paris will find the following note from Sisley Huddleston, which appeared in the *London Chronicle*, of interest.

Montparnasse and Montmartre are the homes of the artists in Paris. Often the artist is poor, and he is hit very badly not only by the increased cost of living, but by the higher price that is demanded for the tools of his trade.

From these two districts of Paris I have received a great number of complaints from my poor artist friends. How are they going to begin again, they ask, when paints are so expensive? Before the war their stock-in-trade was an item which they need not seriously consider. Now a piece of canvas has augmented in value to an unheard-of extent. Oil colors and artists' materials in general stand at an impossible figure.

Add to this the fact that an atelier cannot be had except at a rent which is prohibitive, and you have some idea of the perturbation that is experienced in the artistic circles of Paris. Many of these young men and women are, of course, French, but it is a cosmopolitan world of art in which English and Spanish and Italian and American painters meet in happy confraternity.

The case of the sculptor is even worse. I know a young Italian who is just beginning to 'arrive.' He has just been compelled to pay over 6,000 francs for a block of marble which would probably have been obtainable for 1,500 francs some years ago. In order to execute such orders as he has he is obliged to pay a workman £8 a week. He manages to keep going, but what of his penniless comrades who are just beginning again after the war?

No wonder that they are talking of forming a trade union of artists. Exactly what they would do if they were banded together, against whom they could revolt, is hard to see. The same desire to form trade unions is to be found even among the writers and 'intellectuals' generally. In a famous café of the quarter, poets and novelists have held many meetings. It is useless to point out that there cannot be an eight-hour day for the poet. It is wasting words to suggest that the novelist can hardly go on strike. In spite of these obvious truths they want to join the Confédération Générale du Travail.

The decision of the publishers to raise the selling price of books from 3.50 to 7 francs is no doubt commercially justified, but from the point of view of the young French writer it is disastrous. How is he going to make himself known? Who will buy his books? The public can deprive itself more easily of books than of sugar, and doubtless will not care overmuch. Such authors as Anatole France, Henri Bordeaux, and Maurice Barrès will always find purchasers, but the little community at Montparnasse and at Montmartre who work conscientiously and who hope some day to find their merits recognized are plunged in consternation. For them the book at 7 francs is the end of all things.

If Paris really finds its artistic and literary centres wiped out it will indeed be a strange Paris. Doubtless many of the members of the little coteries are without great value, but it should not be forgotten that out of them emerge the men who keep the French spirit alive, who carry on the torch of European civiliaztion, It is a grave matter, not only for them but for the world.

American cities threatened by a 'police strike' will find cold comfort in reading of Liverpool's experience during their walk-out. It is genuinely difficult to realize that we are reading news from England.

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During the strike, a visiting journalist wrote:

'Liverpool is once again suffering the devastating experiences of mob law, for which the police strike is directly responsible. During the last two nights, owing to the paucity of police protection, the rowdy elements of the city's population emerged from obscurity and indulged in a campaign of rioting which led not only to destruction of thousands of pounds' worth of shop property but to the pillaging of their contents.

'In a tour of London-road and Scotland-road, the principally affected districts, which I have just completed, nearly two hundred wrecked shops stand as monuments of the activities of the mob last night and early this morning. A couple of pianos standing derelict on the sidewalk denote the purposeless deviltry of the rioters. All establishments were alike as objects of their frenzy save public houses, which remained immune. Grocers' shops are standing empty, big drapery stores have been denuded, boot stores, pawnbrokers' establishments, jewelers' premises, and clothing shops all were indiscriminately looted, and the thoroughfares mentioned present a picture of desolation.

'The presence in the city of a large force of military had little apparent effect on the gangs, who were noticeably aggressive shortly before midnight. Following the rioting the Lord Mayor's appeal to the authorities was answered by the despatch of nearly a thousand soldiers to the city from neighboring camps, and it was anticipated they would be in a position to quell at once any recurring disturbances. But in the outbreaks there appeared a disinclination to use the soldiers in any other capacity than as a parade of potential force.

'After the first outbreak in the neighborhood of the Rotunda Theatre, where a shop was attacked and looted, had been answered by the reading of the Riot Act, a body of soldiers fired a warning volley, pointing their rifles over the heads of the crowds. Thereafter they paraded the districts where the mob were threatening activity, without, however, actually interfering. Their passivity being cunningly sensed, no sooner were they out of reach than shop windows were smashed, and the law breakers, many of them young women, pressed forward to help themselves to the contents. Four tanks, which moved in yesterday to support the men of the Notts and Derby and the South Staffordshire Regiments, who composed the occupying military force, stood silent sentinels on St. George's Hall plateau, while within a stone's throw away scenes of lawless effrontery were witnessed.

A gang of men stole a horse and cart, drove up to a big drapery establishment, piled up the cart with stuff, and got away. Individuals carrying piles of looted commodities walked calmly by the military and away to their homes. In Scotland-road shop fittings were hacked off, thrown out into the streets, and made into bonfires, by the light of which there was dancing to the tunes of stolen musical instruments. For over two hours hooliganism held supreme sway and gave vent to its passions in sheer wanton damage and wholesale robbery.'

The revival of the pageant habit in England has received a great impetus from the peace celebrations, which in many English towns took the form of historical pageants organized very much on the same lines as those with which we became familiar — perhaps a little too familiar — about ten years ago. A warmly clad Lady Godiva has appeared once more at Coventry, and St. Christopher played his part in the 'tailors' revel' at Salisbury. Finally the great river pageant on the Thames suggests quite a new line in pageants. The river pageant being part of the victory celebrations (a water procession of our marine forces following upon the victory procession on land), had, of course, no historical features. But why not historical pageants on the Thames? Richmond, where the conditions, from the spectacular point of view, are ideal, might make a start. For the sixteenth century Cardinal Wolsey, in his scarlet robes, might be seen proceeding by river to his palace at Hampton Court; for the seventeenth, Charles II coming up to Westminster in the Royal Barge full of Court beauties; for the

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eighteenth, the poet Pope with some of his friends landing at his villa, which still stands on the river bank. Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, that pioneer of pageant-masters, who organized the victory spectacle when the King visited the Coliseum last week, would really set the Thames on fire if they let him loose upon it at Richmond.

GRADUALLY the ban of secrecy is being raised, and through the reports of the sittings of the Royal Commission on Awards to Inventors we are learning of some of the devices which helped to win the war. A claim put in with respect to Major Tucker's hot-wire microphone has given rise to public mention of an instrument of which the secret was long jealously guarded — an instrument which, adopted by the British sound-ranging section, and afterward by those of the French, gave us a great advantage over the enemy. It proved to be extraordinarily sensitive to the sound of guns, picking up the noise of the discharge of the enemy piece when the ordinary microphone showed nothing, and, since effective sound-ranging depended upon the registration of this sound for the location of the gun in question, it was invaluable. Like so many important inventions, it is extremely simple in principle, depending for its action upon the cooling and consequent change of resistance of very fine hot wire caused by the minute movements of the air which convey the sound. It was originated by Major (then Lieutenant) Tucker at the front for the special purpose of sound-ranging, but it is likely to have a very wide field of usefulness in commercial applications. As a result of the claim before the commission it was agreed that the patent should be assigned to the inventor, the Crown reserving for the post office the right to make use of the invention. In return for this right the inventor is to receive compensation.

A PUN having been perpetrated in a polite assembly, the man with the memory recalled the law of Addison, that when in doubt as to whether a pun is merely a pun or a genuine piece of wit the test is, Will it stand translation into another language? — if so, it is wit. For example, Cicero wittily said in Latin of a man who ploughed the ground in which his father was buried, 'This is cultivating one's father's memory.' And there was a Frenchman who was famous as a punster, and on being requested to give a sample of his art demanded a subject. '*Le Roi.*' '*Le Roi n'est pas un sujet.*' A famous example of the translatable pun is attributed to Talleyrand, who, at a time when public affairs were unsettled, was asked by a man who squinted how things were going on. '*Mais, comme vous voyez, Monsieur.*' It was he who, during the reign of Bonaparte, when soldiers affected to despise civilians, asked a general what he meant by calling people *pequins*. 'We call everybody who is not a soldier a miserable creature,' said the general. '*Eh! oui,*' answered Talleyrand, '*comme nous autres nous appellons militaires tous ceux qui ne sont pas civiles.*'

MR. LONG has recently made a statement in the Commons in connection with the British Navy estimates. No detailed estimates were tabled, as the expenditure of war was still being cleared up. Mr. Long went on to state that the demobilization of officers and men in the navy had gone on without any avoidable delay. At the date of the armistice the strength of the navy was about 407,000. The strength to-day was about 180,000. By the end of August next at least 95 per cent of the men would be demobilized. As regarded construction, on the date of the armistice there were under order 302 warships and 806 auxiliaries. There were now being completed 84 warships and 110 auxiliaries. Before the war 151,000 were engaged. Of the £60,000,000 on account for which he was now asking, £10,000,000 were to be applied to increasing the pay of officers and men. The 84 ships now under construction consisted of 1 battle cruiser, 14 light cruisers, 4 destroyer leaders, 33 destroyers, and 32 submarines. The debate that followed was marked by but small criticisms, and the vote was agreed to.

CERTAIN representatives of American prohibition have descended upon London. The nickname of one of the band, 'Pussy-

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foot' to wit, has greatly amused the British press. Our American verb 'pussyfooting' will soon be at home in Piccadilly. *Punch* has contributed a poem on the subject.

VERSES INSPIRED BY THE PUSSYFOOT MUSE

I bring new spells from the magic wells
Of the U. S. A.
To banish from earth the excess of mirth
In a world too gay;
I draw fresh forces from watercourses
To work upon British brawn
Till it cease to put out the strength of the stout
And the day of judgment dawn;
When I 've bound the free to cocoa and tea
And all that is unfermented
I tighten the rope till I drive them to dope,
And then I can die contented.

O'er the herring-pond from the back of beyond
I come to put you wise
In the way to win from original sin
To ultimate enterprise;
In Arkansaw by the strength of my jaw,
In Illinios by craft,
In Ohio by a trick I know
(No, certainly *not* by graft),
I have raised my race to a lofty place
Where only the chained can stand,
And plucked from the fire of Western desire
A Californian brand,
So that must of wine by a must n't of mine
Shall there be ever banned.

I am the kitten that hands the mitten
To the brewers of beer:
On velvet feet I creep to cheat
Whoever may love good cheer;
If I flatter the mood of the unco' guid,
If I frighten feeble folk,
If I plot and scheme till, half a-dream,
Men pass beneath my yoke,
A day shall break when there may be cake,
For cake is mostly dry,
But naught shall avail the call for Ale,
An exceeding Bitter cry.

DR. BERTILLON'S statement in the *Petit Journal* that the war has diminished the French population by 4,000,000 shows — if accurate — that the situation is even worse than the most pessimistic had supposed. The general estimate hitherto of the decrease in the French population during the war has been from 3,000,000 to 3,500,000.

The agency telegrams from Paris quote Dr. Bertillon as saying that the French population before the war was 38,000,000. This can hardly be the case, since the population at the last census (1911) was, in round figures, 39,600,000, and it had slightly increased in 1914. The excess of births over deaths was smaller in 1913 than it had ever been, but it was still more than 17,000.

It is to be presumed that Dr. Bertillon's estimate is based on official statistics. The exact number of Frenchmen killed in the war is still in doubt, for the figures hitherto published have not been final, and it is believed that they have not included deaths in hospitals. In a speech last January M. Poincaré estimated the French losses in the war at 1,800,000, but he may have been including the deaths among the black troops. The general belief is that the actual French losses by death were about 1,500,000.

The rest of the decline in the population is, of course, accounted for by excess of deaths over births during the war in the non-combatant population. The only statistics yet published are for the four years 1914-1917, and relate only to the seventy-seven uninvaded departments, in which the excess of deaths over births during the period was in round figures 850,000. No general statistics have yet been published for last year, nor, so far as the eleven invaded departments are concerned, for any year since 1913. But in the department of the Seine (Paris and its suburbs) there were only 47,000 births last year in round figures, against 73,000 in 1911, and the infant mortality was 40 per cent, against 10.66 per cent before the war.

The economic consequences of this terrible fall in the population must be very serious. M. Marche, Director of Statistics, has estimated that in 1935 there will not be more than 10,300,000 men in France between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five, or 2,000,000 fewer than in 1911. If Dr. Bertillon's figures are correct this estimate

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must be under rather than over the mark. Dr. Bertillon naturally urges an increase of the birth-rate, but that could have no effect on production before 1935. It is difficult to see how the production of France can be secured at all except by a large immigration.

CARDINAL MERCIER has, through the *Courrier de l'Armée*, addressed the following letter to the soldiers of Belgium:

'Mes Braves: You have no idea, I think, of the anguish which we felt concerning you during the long years of occupation. We wondered whether you did or could stand out at Liège, Namur, and Antwerp. And when, after two months' tenacious resistance, your soldier king gave you the order to defend yourselves to the last on the Yser, were you, you living dead, in a state to put up a defense? Again, when you were in the mud of the trenches from 1914 to 1918, were you living, or breathing? Perhaps you, too, wondered about us in occupied Belgium, the silence of which might make you think it was ungrateful to you. But, in truth, the thought of you was ever present to us. We knew our soldiers, and kept up our feelings of intercourse with them, calling them our deliverers, our models, our supporters, our glory. One of our sharpest regrets was that we could not communicate with you, speak to you or hear you, and so hail and thank you. But at last, to-day, through the *Courrier de l'Armée*, I bring you a feeble expression of my heartfelt feelings as a patriot and a Bishop, and I cry out to you with all the energy that a young heart can give to a breast oppressed with the weight of years: Bravo! Thanks!'

THE problem of the ex-officer is engaging attention in many lands. The war has interfered with the careers of practically all able-bodied young men, and some of these soldiers find themselves in a very serious plight. One can not have too much sympathy for many of these lads. In England, thousands of officers do not know what is to become of themselves and their families. A British officer who is thirty years of age and has a distinguished military career thus tells his story:

'I came down from Oxford eighteen months before the war, after taking my degree. I spent that year and a half in European travel, getting a knowledge of economic conditions in several countries and improving my knowledge of languages.

'Then the war came, and I immediately volunteered. I was a junior subaltern for a month, a senior subaltern for three months, and was then made a captain and ultimately adjutant to a new battalion.

'I went out with an expeditionary force, where I eventually became garrison adjutant and, ipso facto, staff officer.

'I was attached as a kind of equerry to Royalty in an expedition of seven weeks' duration; then I went to G.H.Q. and finally became personal military secretary to one of the most famous generals of the war.

'I want to point out that I had no influence behind me. When I took my commission I knew nothing of military life; it was entirely by my own efforts that I got promotion and was in the end attached to General ——.

'I was demobilized in Exeter in February of this year, and was quite sure that I should be able to work my way up in civilian life as I had done in the army. I did n't expect to begin at the top; I was quite willing to go slow at first.

'I at once registered at the Labor Bureau and then came up to London, and had my name taken at Horrex's. The only job which I was ever offered through Horrex's I found occupied on application.

'I wrote seven times to Horrex's, but received no reply, and, deciding that it was absolutely useless to get anything through them, I made up my mind to depend entirely on my own efforts.

'I know very many well-known people, and could have asked them to use their influence on my behalf, but I hated the idea of doing that.

'I spent my gratuity in ordinary living expenses, wearing all my pre-war clothes, which had been carefully kept. I spent pounds in stamps for postage, for I answered hundreds of advertisements, and did not get a single reply. I spent pounds in advertising, too, and the only people who answered were "sharks" who wanted me to invest money in rotten concerns.

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'I applied to a famous London hotel for a job as a waiter, and was told that if I could manage to acquire a Cockney accent my application might be considered.

'It is a well-known American in London who has at last given me a chance. I am paid £2 a week as a beginning, but am being taught the business, and when I am better qualified I am to have a better salary.

'Now I am hoping to make good quickly. and am looking forward to getting married in a year's time.

'I have come to the conclusion that, while it is not half so difficult as people imagine to get promotion on one's own merit in the army, it is the hardest thing in the world to make one's way as a civilian without the backing of special influence.'

This is not by any means an isolated instance of the difficulty which ex-officers are meeting in their search for work. At the headquarters of the Ex-Officers' Union a *Daily Chronicle* representative was given accounts by an official of very many men who have been out of work for months.

'Of several members whom I have seen recently,' he said, 'one told me he was about to apply for a job as a chimney sweep, as he had come to the end of his gratuity; another, now penniless, has been looking for work since March without result and has a mother and sister dependent on him; and a third tells me that after being told he was eligible for free legal training he has spent a good deal on legal books, only to be told that after all he cannot be trained.

'We hope by working together to better conditions for all ex-officers and to obtain work for those who, after giving up all to serve their country, are not offered even a living wage.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

The name of **Winston Churchill,** British statesman and member of the cabinet, is too well known to require detailed comment, as is also the name of **G. K. Chesterton.**

* * *

Arthur Henderson has long been a leader of the radical wing of British labor.

* * *

Major A. W. Howlett is an Englishman who has occupied an official position in the Indian administration.

Katherine Tynan, essayist and novelist, has recently published a memoir entitled *The Years of the Shadow.*

* * *

Hillaire Belloc, critic and historian, is the editor of *Land and Water.*

* * *

Sir Lynde Macassey is lecturer on economics and law at the School of Economics of London University.

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LIMEHOUSE WHARF

BY A. H.

O have you been to Limehouse
Where many sailors go?
The bowsprits of the ships stick out
Over the wharf in row:
And some ships come from China
(It's a long, long way from China!),
Hong Kong and Valparaiso
And Cork and Callao!

Do you know Jim the Limper's house
Down by the waterside?
The bowsprit of a ship one day
That came up with the tide—
A ship that came from China
(It's a long, long way from China!) —
Made a hole right through the window
Ever so round and wide.

O ship that came from China,
I wonder why you came.
Did you bring tea, I wonder,
Or spice, or rice, or grain?
Or did you come from China
(It's a long, long way from China!)
Only to make that big round hole
In our Jim's window-pane?

The Spectator

OUT OF CAPTIVITY

BY GERARD HOPKINS

(*A prisoner of war recently in Germany*)

To hide beneath a little hill
When April brings the earliest daffodil,
To walk, and ride, and run, and eat my fill.

To climb th' enchanted Down and lie
And watch great clouds swell lazily
Full-bosomed up the English sky.

To see the little roads again
Drop from the ragged woods and strain
Into the colored patchwork of the plain.

To walk the heavy-scented night
That clings about the shadowed white
Ghost of the hawthorn with a sweet delight.

To see upon the painted mist
The tufts of watery willows kissed
By morning's daintiest amethyst.

To watch the new-born shadows stray
Across the sloping hill, and play
About the meadows of the widening day.

The hill to breast, the road to tread,
And feel the rain's soft goodness shed
On face and body, hands and head.

To see beneath the sunset glow,
The sheltering house, the lamp beam glow,
To welcome, and at night to know

The talk of friends beside the fire,

. . . . . .

Such is the sum of my desire.

The Westminster Gazette

THE WELL

BY ELLA YOUNG

With oziers straight and long
We stir the water
That slips away
So quietly:
Let us play
That we are fisherfolk
And this the Well of Song.
Beneath the Scarlet Hazels,
In its shadowed deeps
Fintan the Salmon sleeps
Like a bright-plumed bird;
He will wake, he will rise
At a whispered word,
And we may snare him
Tangled in a net
Cunningly staked and set
And have the world for prize,
Or better, cease to care
For any kingdom there,
Both grown so wise.

The Nation

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